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ABSTRACT

This document contains three issues of a journal for elementary and secondary teachers which provide materials and teaching ideas for integrating folk music appreciation into social studies, literature, and humanities courses. The first issue focuses on songs of the West. It includes 10 songs on the pioneers, the Indians, and the frontier. Also included are the articles "Folksong in the Art Room" (Sandy Behrend) and "You Gotta Hand It to 'em: Using Folk Instruments" (Bev and Jerry Praver); correspondence from readers; information and news on workshops and materials; an index of songs and articles from volume 4; and a discography. The second issue contains materials for teaching about the lumber industry. A total of 13 songs is accompanied by background reading, a bibliography, a discography, follow-up teaching ideas, and general news and correspondence. The final issue focuses on songs about animals and other living creatures. It contains eight songs, background information, teaching ideas, a questionnaire for readers, a listing of children's books about animals, an index of animal songs from back issues, and a book review. General news and correspondence are also included. (LP)

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FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

VOLUME V

ISSUES 1-3

1984-85

Edited by

John A. Scott

and

Laurence I. Seidman

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FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES - A NEWSLETTER

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Table of Contents

Correspondence.....2

Folksong In The Art Room by Sandy Behrend.....3-4

You Gotta Hand It To 'em: Using Folk instruments.....5-7
by Bev and Jerry Praver

The Westward Movement: The Pioneers, The Indians and The Frontier 1750-1810

Introduction and Bibliography.....8-9

Songs:

Cumberland Gap.....10-12
Battle of Point Pleasant.....13
Logan's Complaint.....14
St. Clair's Defeat.....15
Wagoner's Lad.....16,23
Old Joe Clark.....17
Six Little Mice.....18
Alphabet Song.....19
Pleasant Ohio.....20
Three Jolly Hunters.....21

Follow-up Teaching Ideas for Your Students.....22

Index of Songs and Articles from Volume IV.....23

Extra! Extra! Two Members of Lord Franklin's Crew Discovered 136 Years Later Frozen in the Arctic....24

Workshops Your Editors Are Presenting Around U.S.A..24

Discography, Record Reviews, Reminders.....25

Action Page.....26

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CORRESPONDENCE FROM OUR READERS

Ann Sisko, 79 Van Doren Ave.,
Somerset, NJ 08873

I've been guiltily eyeing your note to me for about a month, now. It's been impossible to find time to sit down and write. Unlike college teachers, we elementary people start early, finish late, don't have mid-semester breaks and are constantly in contact with our students. (So close that I seem to catch every bug they're developing this winter!)

However--we have a President's Weekend now, and I've got a bit of time to do things that have been awaiting my attention--letters that need to be written, laundry that needs to be done, a bathtub (yuck) badly in need of cleaning....

Things are going pretty well this year. My class is much more responsive, and we've been doing some fun things. I was tired of teaching American history in my standard, chronological way; so I decided this year to teach the history of Americans. We did this super class "family tree." There are four major branches: Asia, Africa, Western Europe and Eastern Europe. (We have a smaller one for North America.) Each student made 8 leaves of his or her own color (theoretically one for each great-grandparent, though it didn't always work out that way...) and placed the leaves on the branches. Sandy helped me with the artistic end. It's really neat.

Anyway, we started with India (after doing the development of mankind) and studied some history, some culture--including an incredible Indian feast prepared by two mothers--and talked about being an Indian American. Then we did China the same way. We discussed some aspects of Chinese history and culture--had a terrific Chinese feast--and talked about being a Chinese American. I read a wonderful book, Child of the Owl, to the class. It's about a Chinese-American girl discovering her Chinese heritage.

So far, no singing. I used traditional music with the kids, but we listened. I honestly didn't want to try tackling a new language and singing style!

But now we're doing Africa. We started with Ancient Egypt, then went to West Africa--specifically the Ashanti and the Kingdom of Ghana. Coincidentally, the Alvin Ailey troupe came last week as part of the Lincoln Center program, and we have a jazz musician as artist-in-residence. So--I've been having fun with the music. First, we learned a few spirituals--one of which was used in Ailey's "Revelations." Ferdie talked to us about Black American music and where it came from--the West Coast of Africa, of course! And then, wandering through a record store, I spotted a record, produced in Ghana, of traditional songs in Twi and Ga by the Ghanaian Black Star Band. I mean, you just don't pass up something like that. So--I bought it, and even after all the preparation, I was startled by the sense of familiarity I felt. The music could have been from the Caribbean islands. It sounded a lot like my old Kingston Trio records! The kids were surprised, too. After Indian and Chinese music, the Ghanaian music sounded comfortably familiar--yet with a difference.

Stacy Vellas 4594 Elder Road
Brawley, CA 92227 -4th grade

I have enjoyed everything I've received. I use music in every subject. Next week our reading will have a story on Davy Crockett. So I am taping the song of Davy Crockett for them. In our newspaper last night, there was a picture of a man named Davy Crockett. So I'm going down to where he works, look him over and see if he has anything to addto our group. Maybe he has read about Davy Crockett and can tell us something. Maybe he can play an instrument and come to our room and play for us. The children won't remember all of the story, but they'll remember the song and the speaker. And they'll feel.

FOLKSONG IN THE ART ROOM

by Sandy Behrend

One of the constant challenges that face elementary school teachers, art and classroom, is that of encouraging children to tell the whole story in the picture. The lessons that follow usually result in detailed and interesting illustrations motivated mostly by the folk song's magical stimulation of children's imaginations.

One song I use with great success with primary grades to stimulate picture ideas is "Mole in the Ground." Instead of a song sheet I write the first line on the board this way: "I wish I was a _____ in/on/under the _____." As I sing the first verse the class catches on and hands shoot up with offers of other animals. However, to encourage children to speak in full sentences, I tell them that they must not only have an animal, but also a place for the animal to be. When they speak, hopefully they will respond with something like, "I wish I was a bird in the tree." If they don't, I ask them to sing it instead of speaking it, and that often works. Pretty soon they all respond in sentences. With the first and second graders I then make up the third line rhyme (this gets you thinking fast on your feet), but I ask thirds and fourths to try to help with the rhyming. This takes some sophisticated skills when it comes to rhyming forest or jungle! All answers are acceptable if at all possible, no matter how silly or strange, i.e., "I wish I was a hippo on a bike."

The lesson then proceeds. Using any drawing medium, paint or collage, the children choose a verse they like and illustrate it. I have animal pictures displayed around the room for ideas, but because the song is descriptive in nature the children are ready to show the fish in the sea, bear in his cave or that hippo. When the pictures are completed, the children love to sing their verses, and if they wish, write or have the teacher write the line somewhere on the paper. To add interest I encourage the humorous and impsosible ones which delight the kids and result in wonderful pictures. Sometimes I have students who apply their social studies lessons, such as the fourth grader who wished he was a camel near the Sphynx. The results make a great display.

Story illustration is always a good drawing lesson, and with animals in mind a favorite one for primary grades is the good old standby, "The Fox." It is the most popular folk song I do, and everyone joins in immediately on the "town-o, bones-o, down-o" parts.

Before singing I tell the story and we discuss some vocabulary, i.e., what is a pen, a den, who is Mrs. Flipper Flapper, etc. This gives the children key words to listen for and events to anticipate. After the song I review some aspects such as the time of day, how the fox could see so well at night, how many babies he had, etc. Then on to the illustration.

The very best medium for this is Cray-Pas with dark blue, violet or black 12" x 18" paper to represent night. The children are immediately motivated by the dark paper and the Cray-Pas show up wonderfully on it. With a song sheet to refer to, some of the children can write the line they're illustrating on the paper; others will need teacher help. This can also be done on a separate strip of paper that is attached to the drawing. If used in a display, it's effective to include a song sheet. The children read as well as admire the illustrations.

The last animal illustration/reading lesson is done with "The Cat Came Back." This one is great for fourth through sixth grades and works well around Halloween.

Using songsheets, I teach the chorus first. The older kids love the minor key bluesy version. Then I sing the first verse and they join in on the chorus. They love the idea of this persistent creature and the more outrageous this cat's adventures become the more fun it is. In another lesson some students write new verses, but that's not for now.

For the illustrating there are several approaches. A simple pencil or marker drawing representing one verse is fine. A 12" x 18" paper folded in halves or quarters is good if the students want to try to do two or four different verses. But doing a four-frame comic strip of one verse is most interesting. It's helpful to have some four-frame strips from the local comics page for examples around the room. Then pass out 6" x 24" strips of drawing paper, and have the students fold it into four squares. To do the illustrations the students must consider a sequential set of pictures and the best approach is to have them write each line of the verse in each box. Then illustrating is the next step. Do the pictures in pencil first, then go over the pencil with thin black marker and finally color them in with crayon or colored markers. They look quite professional. Because the students really get into details with explosions, crashes and flying pieces, this lesson can take two sessions, giving you an opportunity to sing the song again, which everyone is more than happy to do. The results are original and fun to see.

This should keep everyone busy until summer.

Sandy Behrend is an art specialist in South Brunswick, N.J.

YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO 'EM

by Jerry and Bev Praver
1543 East Palm Drive
Covina, CA 91724
(Two of our long-time subscribers)

If you are a reader of this wonderful publication, you already know that folk music is music of the people which anyone can and should sing. But it is also music which anyone can and should play. We believe that one of the most valuable folk music experiences you can give to your students is an opportunity to get their hands on one or more instruments and to play some music. This experience should be in a noncompetitive, nonjudgmental situation where the object is simply to have fun.

As professional folk musicians who perform mostly in schools, we present assembly programs but we prefer to deal with students in smaller groups and we frequently do classroom programs. When time permits, we give students the opportunity to have a hands-on experience with some of our instruments. We have found these hands-on programs to be extremely rewarding and we urge you to try to give your students this kind of experience. In this article we will give you some pointers on what to do and what not to do which we have learned over the years.

The most obvious question to answer is what instruments to use. You should not use instruments such as guitar, banjo, mandolin, or fiddle because these instruments are generally fragile and expensive to repair or replace. Furthermore, these instruments are relatively difficult to play, requiring months or years to achieve even moderate proficiency. Initial attempts with these instruments are not likely to produce positive results, so students can be easily discouraged.

On the other hand, two instruments which are eminently suited for this kind of activity are the autoharp and the mountain or Appalachian dulcimer. Both are relatively inexpensive and are quite rugged, being able to withstand considerable mistreatment by young hands. More important, both are quite easy to learn at least well enough to produce pleasing sounds. With these instruments, students can get immediate positive feedback for their efforts in a matter of minutes.

Most of you are familiar with the autoharp, since you probably were exposed to it some time during your education, but you probably have not played one in many years. Why not? In case you are not familiar with this instrument, the autoharp has 36 strings with a number (usually 12) of chord bars running across them. It is played by pressing down one of the chord bars and strumming across some or all of the strings with some kind of pick, such as a guitar flat pick. Since the bars are labeled with the names of the chords just as they appear in most written folk music, it is patently easy to play the right chord at the right time. References 1 to 3 (at end of article) are good instruction books for the autoharp. Autoharps can be found lurking in dusty closets in schools and homes or

in antique stores or, sometimes, at garage sales. Literally thousands of students have played our autoharps without incident.

The Appalachian dulcimer may not be as familiar to you. It is a three- or four-string, fretted instrument which is played on the lap. The right hand strums across the strings while the left hand picks out melodies on the string nearest the player (which is sometimes doubled up) and the remaining strings sound a continuous drone chord. The two drone strings are tuned to an open fifth which results in a sound similar to that of bagpipes. Because the frets are arranged diatonically, it is very similar to picking out tunes on the piano using one finger and staying on the white keys. You have all done that. Easy step-by-step instructions are given in reference 4. Dulcimers can be purchased for as little as $20 in kit form or $40 fully assembled.

In addition to the autoharp and dulcimer, we have had excellent success with some simple instruments. For example, it is possible to make a rhythm instrument from a pair of tablespoons which can be bought at any thrift store for about 50¢ each. They are held back-to-back in one hand and then struck against the knee and other hand to produce rather complex rhythmic patterns. The best way to learn is to get someone to show you but we have taught thousands of children and none has taken more than one minute to learn the basic pattern. Another example is the kazoo. This instrument is played by humming into a tube which causes a membrane to vibrate. Anyone can do it at once. Also, there is the limberjack. This is a rhythm instrument shaped like a small man, usually less than a foot tall, with articulated arms and legs. By means of a stick inserted in its back, the limberjack is suspended a fraction of an inch above a thin, flat board. The player holds the stick in one hand, sits on one end of the board, and taps the free end of the board with the other hand in time to a lively dance tune. Each time the board is tapped it deflects downward and springs back up to strike the man's feet, which causes the arms and legs to move in a manner resembling the movements and sounds of an Appalachian clog dancer. Limberjacks are also available in the shape of animals such as horses, dogs and frogs. They cost around $10 each, and if you can't find them in a local store, write or call one of the following mail order stores:

- Brian & Patti Erickson, 540 24th St., Richmond, CA 94804, (415) 233-8181
- HERE, Inc., 25 North 4th St., Minneapolis, MN 55401, (612) 332-2179
- Jean's Dulcimer Shop, P.O. Box #8, Highway 32, Cosby, TN, (615) 487-5543

Another possibility is to have students build their own rhythm instruments. This can be done using readily available materials and no special skills are required. Many ideas and excellent instructions can be found in references 5 and 6.

Now that you have some idea of what instruments to use, you need to know how to go about introducing your students to playing these instruments. This means that you will have to do some practicing on your own to become proficient enough for the demonstration. For the simple instruments such as kazoo, spoons, or limberjack, this should

not take more than 1 or 2 hours. For the dulcimer or autoharp, 8 to 16 hours are required for most individuals. After they have seen how the instrument is played, simply hand it to them and allow them to try it on a purely voluntary basis. Many students will be shy about trying at first and they should not be pressured. Our experience has been that once a few try it and succeed, the rest will follow without encouragement. You should not criticize their technique at this point but should confine your help to answering their questions. This approach will minimize the pressure of the situation, allowing every student to proceed comfortably at his or her own pace. Some students will surprise you with their instant ability to play the instrument, while others will never get the hand of it even after extended periods of trying. However, both groups will have an equally positive experience which, with any luck at all, will cause them to make their own music for the rest of their lives. If a student is doing well, you may want to give him or her some unsolicited instruction so that each student can go as far as his or her ability permits.

We hope that what we have said will inspire you to experiment in your classroom. The important thing to remember for both you and your students is that the primary object of the hands-on experience is enjoyment and that skill and ability are only secondary objectives. Remember that folk music is the music of ordinary folks and that folk instruments have traditionally been played by amateurs. Do not compare your results with professional musicians. Rather, ask yourself if you can do as well as the average farmer, sailor, lumberjack or cowboy.

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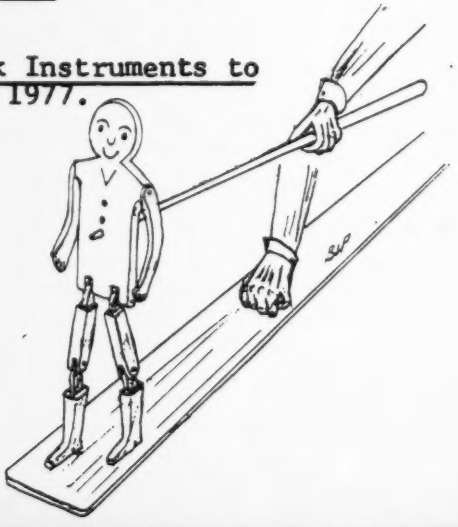


The Westward Movement:
The Pioneers, The Indians and The Frontier
1750-1810

In the two centuries between the first settlements and about 1835 the frontier moved from the Atlantic Ocean one-third of the way across the continent to the shores of the Mississippi River. The frontier experience of these years produced many songs about the westward movement; just a few of these are reproduced in the pages that follow.

For most of the colonial period the Appalachian Mountains stood as a rampart of stone between the pioneers and the fertile lands that lay beyond. Spanish and French power guarded the southern and northern flanks; the Iroquois peoples were astride the Mohawk Valley, the single biggest gap in that rocky wall.

In the middle of the 18th century this situation began to change rapidly. Thomas Walker, a land speculator, discovered the Cumberland Gap in 1750; this was a natural mountain pass that led from Virginia to Kentucky. Then the French were expelled from North America in 1763. And, in 1783 American victory in the Revolutionary War broke the power of the British and nullified their claim to control all of the eastern Mississippi Valley.

After 1750 a trickle of pioneers, singly or in bands, began to wend their way across the mountains to the promised land beyond. After the Revolution this trickle turned into a flood. Hunters, trappers, woodsmen, farmers, herders and planters began to stream west.

This was a twofold invasion of Americans from the east and immigrants from Europe, tens of thousands of people driven for the most part by a consuming hunger for cheap, fertile land.The impact of this movement upon the native people who inhabited the area was tragic. Despite valiant resistance the Indian patriots were swept aside by the remorseless advance of white civilization. Not the least of the factors in bringing this about with speed was federal power. The military might of the U.S. was invoked upon a huge scale to uproot the native peoples by force and to compel them to accept exile in the wastes of "Indian Territory" beyond the Mississippi.

Tragedy was also in store for many white pioneers who moved into the trans-Appalachian lands vacated by the Indian peoples. There was bloody and continuous conflict with the native Americans. And there were hardships in conquering the forest lands which we today can scarcely imagine -- unending toil and high mortality both among children and adults, from malarial fevers, exposure, exhaustion and dozens of different kinds of sudden death that lurked in a frontier environment.

Frontier people were a singing people; song was entertainment on long winter nights, and it was the telling of history through oral tradition. Song also helped sustain men and women during the long grueling hours of toil that were at the very center of the frontier farmer's life. But 'frontier song' is an ambiguous concept; frontierspeople sang many songs that they brought with them to the frontier and that were part of their European heritage; thus all of North America became the home of medieval

ballads of British origin. But the frontier folk also created new songs that expressed the special life and experience of the American wilderness. A small sample of this latter type of song is included in this issue, and this sample is taken from quite a short period of frontier history, from 1750 to 1810. Future issues might deal with quite different types of frontier song generated at quite different times and under different circumstances -- for example, mining songs, lumbermen's ballads, songs of New England or the Appalachian Mountains, songs of the bayous and many more.

The setting and clearing of the American wilderness paved the way, at least for a short time, for the blooming of a rural civilization based largely upon a self-sufficient farm economy and upon the toil of sturdy independent farmpeople and the many fine arts and crafts which these people practiced. But the very triumph of the frontier and farm democracy provided the conditions for its destruction. Roads, railroads and canals followed where the pioneer people led, made possible production for distant markets and engendered the rise of large-scale farming as a commercial business. The self-sufficient farmer with his simple democracy and simple dreams was placed upon the path to extinction. At the time of the triumph of the Revolution in 1783, 95% of the American people lived in the countryside and the wilderness, or followed the sea. Today, the situation is reversed; not more than 8% of all Americans gain their living from the cultivation of the soil.

Frontier songs, perhaps, have an especial value for all of us. With the help of these, and of the journals and diaries of the pioneers, we can recapture something of the life and spirit of a frontier era that has vanished forever, but that has left its own enduring imprint upon the American soul.

Biographical Suggestions

The following are vivid, charming accounts of the life and labor of pioneer farmers: J.E. Wright and Doris S. Corbett, Pioneer Life in Western Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh, 3rd printing,(1968), and Jared van Wagenen Jr., The Golden Age of Homespun (New York, 1953). For an unrivaled account of the life and suffering of Mississippi Valley pioneers, see Norman D.Levine ed., Malaria in the Interior Valley of North America (Urbana, Illinois, 1964), a selection of the writings of the celebrated Ohio physician, Dr. Daniel Drake. R. Carlyle Buley, The Old Northwest: Pioneer Period 1815-1840 (Bloomington, In, 1950; 2 vols.), is a classic study of the settlement of the Mississippi Valley. Other contemporary accounts are: Shirley S. McCord, ed., Travel Accounts of Indiana 1679-1961 (Bloomington, IN,1970), and On The Illinois Frontier: Dr. Hiram Rutherford 1840-1848,being the letters and articles of a frontier doctor edited by Willene and George Hendrick (Carbondale, 1982). For the pioneering of Black people after the Civil War, see Lynwood Montell, The Saga of Coe Ridge (Knoxville,1970) dealing with settlement in Cumberland County of eastern Kentucky, not far from the Cumberland Gap. For a standard reference for the history of the frontier, see Ray Allen Billington, Westward Expansion; A History of the American Frontier (New York, 1967, 3rd edition).

For frontier songs, a variety of sources. Mary Eddy, Ballads and Songs from Ohio(Hatboro,Pa.,1964) Alan Lomax, Folk Songs of North America Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag; Cecil J.Sharp,English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians; John A. Scott, The Ballad of America;Harold W. Thompson, A Pioneer Songster; and brand new and notable, Anne Warner, Traditional American Folk Songs from the Anne and Frank Warner Collection (Syracuse, 1984).

The Cumberland Gap

Cumberland Gap, a 1600-foot-deep pass through the southern Appalachians, just on the border of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, is one of the most significant passes in America. It is the equivalent of the South Pass in the Rockies.

It was discovered by Dr. Thomas Walker, an agent and surveyor for the Royal Land Company, a Virginia concern composed of prominent land speculators. The company had been granted 800,000 acres in SW Virginia by the Virginia legislature. A graduate of William & Mary, Walker was hired in March 1749.

In 1750, Walker set out with five companions on his famous exploring journey. He traveled down the Virginia Ridges to Cave Gap, which he later named Cumberland Gap in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, the King's second son, celebrated for his bloody suppression of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 in Scotland at the Battle of Culloden. He also named a river and a mountain after the Duke.

In April, Walker built the first log cabin to be built by white men in Kentucky, as a token that he had come not merely to look, but to possess. Continued exploration of this region, however, convinced him that there was no land beyond the gap worthy of settlement. He did write in his report, however: "We killed 13 Buffaloes, 8 Elks, 20 Deers, 4 Wild Geese and about 150 Turkeys, besides small game. We might have killed three times as much meat, if we had wanted to."

Dr. Walker had served as commissary for Virginia troops during the French and Indian War. In that capacity he had visited Philadelphia and became acquainted with Ben Franklin and some important merchants. His home in Virginia was near that of Peter Jefferson, Thomas Jefferson's father. After Peter's death, Walker acted as guardian for the fatherless, red-headed 13-year-old Jefferson and took responsibility for Thomas's schooling. He had a strong influence on Jefferson's outlook and philosophy, as reflected in Jefferson's acts as President to purchase the Louisiana Territory and send out the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Cumberland Gap became a magnet for white hunters. It drew them to it and they passed beyond it westward, hunting, trapping and marveling at the beauty of the lowland valleys of central Kentucky and its richness of game.

While Kentucky was not occupied by Indians actually living in the area--the Shawnees had recently evacuated this area, drifting northward across the Ohio before the whites crossed the mountains--it was a hunting ground for them, used by both southern and northern tribes, the Cherokees, the Shawnees and the Miami. It was, moreover, a battleground, an Indian's no-man's land, crisscrossed by warrior paths. Among Indians it was known as a dark and bloody hunting ground.

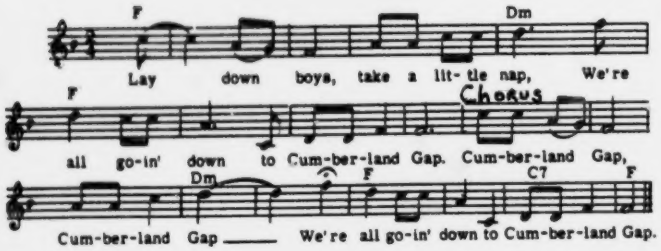
The tall luxurious grass and the salt licks of the region attracted whole herds of deer, wood buffalo and elk. Paleontologists have found in the area deposits of bones of long extinct species--the mastodon and mammoth.

The hunting grounds of the Indians from time immemorial, the wildlife there was essential to their survival. The area was sanctified by their mythology. These were ties not easily broken by the Long Knives, the hunters and trappers who first entered the area, so named by the Indians because of the long hunting knives they carried.

In 1769, Daniel Boone, moved by stories he had heard of the area, went with his brother and other companions to explore this land. Later on, in 1775, Boone began cutting the trail through the Wilderness Gap known as the Wilderness Trail. His trail-clearing party of 30 men were twice attacked by Shawnees, but Boone kept on and by April 15 began the construction of the fort-station, known as Boonesbourgh. Later in the summer he brought out his wife, Rebecca, and their daughters, who on September 6 became the first white women to set foot on the banks of the Kentucky.

The 1776 breach of the mountain barrier was a turning point in American history to rank with Champlain's antagonism of the Iroquois and England's conquest of French North America. It opened up the continent to the colonists and ensured that the Ohio Valley would belong to them and not to France, England or Spain. The Cumberland Gap, the gateway to the West, became the Path to Empire. Settlers went through it and made their way to the Cumberland, Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio Rivers, where they built crude flatboats and rafts and floated down into virgin territory.

The Cumberland Gap



The first white man in Cumberland Gap,
Was Doctor Walker an English chap.

Daniel Boone on Pinnacle Rock,
He killed Indians with an old flintlock.

Cumberland Gap is a noted place
Three kinds of water for to wash your face.

Cumberland Gap with its cliffs and rocks,
Home of the panther, bear and fox.

Me and my wife, and my wife's pap,
We all live down in the Cumberland Gap.

Cumberland Gap, it ain't very far,
Just three miles from Middlesboro.

*source of 3 rivers

During the Civil War, there was a lot of fighting to occupy the Gap. The Confederates first held it. In June 1862, General George WAshington Morgan captured it with 8,000 men and the Union held it for a while. But then Morgan was heavily attacked and had to withdraw. Finally, in September, 1863, Major General George Burnside won it back for the North. During the fighting, new verses were put to the melody. The chorus was changed to:

Lay down boys, and take a little nap,
They're raising hell in the Cumberland Gap.

Some of the verses were:

September morning, sixty-two,
Morgan's Yankees all withdrew.

They spiked Long Tom on the mountain top,
And over the cliffs they let him drop.

They burned the hay, the meal and the meat,
And left the rebels nothing to eat.

Braxton Bragg with his rebel band,
He run George Morgan into the blue-grass land.

Music source: Pete Seeger,
American Favorite Ballads
Oak Publications, 1961

Daniel Boone's own account of his explorations through the Cumberland Gap-from his autobiography dictated in 1780 and published in 1784.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time and left my family in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky. On the sevanth day of June, following, we found ourselves on Red River, and from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky..we began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts through this vast forest; the buffaloes were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage of those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest we practiced hunting with great success.

In December we had passed through a great forest on which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms others with fruits. Nature was a series of wonders and a fund of delights; here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view...

While his brother returned home in May 1770 to bring back horses and supplies, Boone stayed alone. "One day I undertook a tour through the country and the diversities and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day, the gentle gales retired and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains, the beaueuous tracts below. I surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur...No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature I found here."

In 1770, a large party of hunters roamed over most of Western Kantucky. There in the Fall of 1770, they happened upon Daniel Boone, lying on his back and singing so loudly for the sheer joy of his wilderness life, that they believed when they first heard him they had discovered some strange new animal.

Where Pioneers Bridged the Gap

by Bryce Nelson, Los Angeles Times, July 1976

CUMBERLAND GAP, Tenn.—No American pioneer had a harsher path west than the men and women who pushed their stumbling horses and exhausted children along the Wilderness Road through the Cumberland Gap

But the gap, not far from where Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia come together, provided a corridor through the Cumberland Mountains to what the early settlers came to call the promised land.

"A new sky and strange earth seemed to be presented to our view," wrote Felix Walker, one of 30 axmen led by Daniel Boone, who hacked a primitive pass through the gap to Kentucky in 1775.

Partly because of the gap, and partly because the Indians were a little less troublesome here, Kentucky became the first great trans-Appalachian settlement, with almost 100,000 people when it was admitted to the union in 1792.

These thousands had plodded single file over the Wilderness Road, which was really no more than a trail, a sheet of ice in winter and a slough of mud in other seasons.

The gap and the Wilderness Road still offer a way through the mountains, but the buffalo, horses, cattle and hogs that once streamed through here have given way to huge tractor-trailer rigs, 40-ton coal trucks and passenger vehicles.

"When you drive through it now, you wonder why all this to-do about the Cumberland Gap," Carl Burchfield, who lives nearby, mused recently.

A big Holiday Inn and a service station—twin symbols of "progress"—have gone up in recent years, and local residents gather there, talking things over.

One topic of discussion is whether to bore a $50-million highway tunnel through the gap or to build a four-lane highway to replace the existing paved highway. Residents argue that such efforts would make the trip over the mountain less hazardous. Despite these modern concerns, some still remember the pioneer path.

Ralph and Evelyn Poore live in Cumberland Gap, population 293. They sometimes take their evening walk along the route of the pioneers.

"You can still almost feel the feet around here, sense the hardships, almost see those Indians behind every tree," Mrs. Poore said.

About 20,000 acres of land along the Cumberland Mountains, including the Cumberland Gap itself, is owned by the U.S. government—the area of the Cumberland Gap National Historical Park, which was established in 1959.

The park once had a sign at an overlook saying that this was the same view of the Kentucky wilderness that Daniel Boone had seen. That sign had to be removed a few years ago when one of the "wilderness" mountains in the view was stripped brown for coal, park superintendent Amos Hankins said.

One of the startling experiences in this part of Appalachia is to look down a line of beautiful forested mountains and then see one whose top has been leveled and stripped bare. From the Cumberland Gap itself, the visitor looks across the Viddlesboro Basin to see such a stark mountain top.

"One of the major problems of the park is how this area is going to be mined," Hawkins said. "How it will affect the scenic quality of the park . . . Sometimes when I think of all of these things I feel we're walking on thin ice."

Some mountaineers who oppose strip mining have been reluctant to speak out because of Appalachia's heavy dependence on the coal industry for employment.

In addition to strip mining, there are other impediments to seeing the Gap as early settlers saw it.

The Park Service has given up trying to pick up the litter along the highway. In Cumberland Gap, the visitor can see the cans, bottles and debris from carry-out food stands that litter highways around the country.

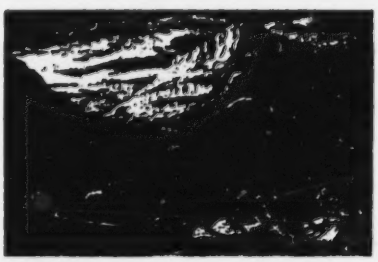
And it isn't only along the road. A sparkling creek emerges from King Solomon's Cave (now called "Cudjo Caverns") in the Gap and provides the town of Cumberland Gap with its water supply. The small town then pours its raw sewage into the creek.

But people are more prosperous here than they were in prior times. Coal has boomed since the oil price hikes. Millionaires among small mine owners have been created by the month in every coal-producing area of Appalachia. The valleys near the Cumberland Gap are being filled with new houses. And there is no depression in the housing industry here. Some of those who have moved north to find jobs are coming back.

As the demand for coal increases, there will be more changes. But some people of the Cumberlands still cling to their towns and to their love of what these mountains—abloom with redbud, service berry and forsythia — were like in the past.

A while back, Nola Estep Comer of Cumberland Gap, now 77, wrote her remembrances for her children:

"The trail through 'the Gap' that Daniel Boone made famous . . . which has been a highway for many years is now being replaced by a four-lane superhighway . . . We call this progress, and so it may be, but whatever it might be, the death of Cumberland Gap is inevitable and with it a part of me goes."



—Cumberland Gap, the gateway through the Alleghenies

Battle of Point Pleasant

The next two ballads, "The Battle of Point Pleasant" and "Logan's Lament", were pioneer ballads which came out of Lord Dunmore's War in 1774. Some historians have said that the first and last shots of the REvolutionary War were fired in the war in the "Ohio Country."

The war took place between the Indians fighting for the Ohio and Kentucky lard, promised them by the British and long their homes and hunting grounds and the frontier Virginians, already hunting, surveying and squatting in this territory. As the Indians resisted the increasing flood of white settlers, the frontier was up in arms. Virginia claimed all of the Ohio valley. Lord Dunmore, Virginia's governor, and one of the leading land speculators, decided to crush the Ohio tribes by destroying their villages on the Scioto River.

In June 1774, Dunmore sent word to the frontier that they were at war with the Indians. Dunmore split his forces into two parties. He would lead his 1100 militiamen and strike at the Shawnee villages, while Colonel Andrew Lewis would move northward up the Great Kanawha River to ascend the Ohio and meet him for the attack.

When the great Shawnee war chief, Cornstalk, learned that the Virginians were divided, he decided to attack Lewis first and destroy his forces and then deal with Dunmore. Gathering a thousand warriors, they rafted quietly across the Ohio and prepared an ambush at the mouth of the Great Kanawha at Point Pleasant. On the morning of October 9, 1774, the Indians attacked at dawn. Their surprise might have succeeded but for the chance that two or three of the frontiersmen who had risen before dawn to hunt came upon the Indians creeping towards their camp. Shots were exchanged and the battle was on. Both sides fought heroically. The battle which raged from dawn until an hour before sunset, was the bloodiest in Virginia's long series of Indian wars.

Colonel Peterson wrote to Patrick Henry that the enemy behaved with "inconceivable bravery", the head men walking about in the time of action exhorting their men to "lie close, shoot well, be strong and fight." The Shawnees ran up to the muzzles of the frontiersmen's guns, disputing every foot of ground. They were fighting fo their rich land.

As dusk approached, Chief Cornstalk mistook a Virginia flank attack for the arrival of reinforcements. Disheartened, he ordered a retreat and the Shawnees slipped across the Ohio as quietly as they had come. Coming up with his forces, Dunmore pursued them to their villages and systematically destroyed their homes and cornfields. It was autumn; the Indians were compelled to sue for peace and abandon Kentucky. Lord Dunmore's War was over and the last obstacle to the settlement of Kentucky removed. Many of the frontiersmen who fought in this battle later served in the American forces against the British and fought at the battles of King's Mountain and The Cowpens. Dunmore, at the time a hero to the frontier, was later driven from Virginia during the Revolution by Colonel Andrew Lewis and well might Dunmore exclaim on that occasion, "That it should ever come to this!"

A ballad verse written on the eve of the march of Lewis's army and found in a soldier's diary, told of the theme nearest to the frontiersmen's hearts:

This land it is good, it is just to our mind,
Each will have his part, if his Lordship be kind.
The Ohio once ours, we'll live at our ease,
With a bottle and glass to drink when we please.

On the tenth day of October
In Seventy-four, which caus-ed woe;
The Indian sav'ges they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

Judgement proceeds to execution -
Let fame throughout all dangers go;
Our heroes fought with resolution
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

The battle beginning in the morning -
Throughout the day it lasted so,
Till the evening shadows were returning
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Seven score lay dead and wounded,
Of champions that faced the foe;
By which the heathen were confounded
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Colonel Lewis and some noble captains,
Did down to death like Uriah go;
Alas! their heads wound up in napkins
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

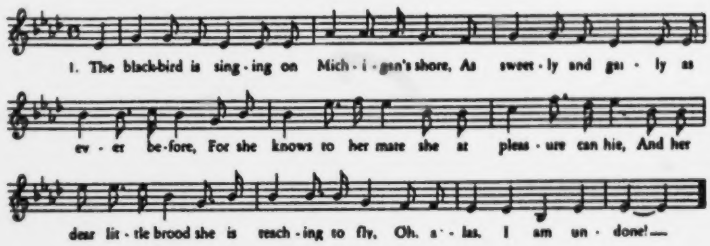
Kings lament the mighty fallen
Upon the mountains of Gilboa;
And now we mourn for brave Hugh Allen
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

Oh! bless the mighty King of Heaven,
For all his wondrous works below,
Who hath to us the victory given
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

This song is set to the tune of "The Banks of the Ohio." The music will follow in the next issue because our music transcriber, Tony, was on vacation in England and unable to make it in time.

Logan's Complaint

The Logan Elm


1. The black-bird is sing-ing on Mich-i-gan's shore, As sweet-ly and gai-ly as
ev-er be-fore, For she knows to her mate she at pleas-ure can hie, And her
dear lit-tle brood she is teach-ing to fly, Oh, a-las, I am un-done!—

Each bird and each beast are blessed in degree;
All nature is cheerful, all happy but me;
I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black and I'll sever my hair,
Oh, alas, I am undone!

I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the God of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred have gone to the hills of the dead,
Oh, alas, I am undone!

But they died not by hunger or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away;
The snake-skin that once I so sacredly wore
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore,
Oh, alas, I am undone!

They came to my cabin when heaven was black,
I heard not their coming, and I knew not their track,
But I saw by the light of their blazing fusees
They were people engendered beyond the big seas,
Oh, alas, I am undone!

I will dig up my hatchet and bend my oak bow,
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
No lake shall impede me, no mountains nor snow,
Their blood can alone give my spirit repose,
Oh, alas, I am undone!

My wife and my children! Oh, spare me the tale,
For who is there left that is kin to Geehale;
My wife and my children! Oh, spare me the tale,
For who is there left that is kin to Geehale,
Oh, alas, I am undone!

Ballads and Songs from Ohio pp. 254 & 255

Before Lord Dunmore's War started, there were numerous incidents of murders and bushwacks on innocent settlers and equally innocent Indians by both sides. Virginia and Pennsylvania traders had been inciting the Indians against each other for years. The result was a succesion of raids against the settlers and retaliation on the Indians. Along the frontier, there was a state of near hysteria. But in Tidewater Virginia there was little interest in Indian wars. They only knew that they would have to pay the cost through their legislature. Even in the West, many people felt that they were being called on to fight the Indians for the benefit of a few land speculators.

One of the causes of Dunmore's War, was the cold-blooded murder by renegade whites of the family of Mingo Chief Logan, a Moravian Christian, who had previously beena neutral peace-maker. He lived on the west bank of the Ohio River, near the present Steubenville, Ohio in a small Mingo village.

His Indian name was Tachnechdorus, but he was better known to his many white friends as Logan. He was known as a staunch firend of the whites with whom all of his life he had lived in close and amiable contact. Logan's mother was a Cayuga and his father had been a Frenchman who after having been captured as a child by Oneida, had grown up to become an important Iroquois chief. Logan had taken his white name as a mark of his attachment to James Logan, the Quaker Indian agent and later governor, who for half a century had been much respected by all Pennsylvania Indians. During the French and Indian War and Pontiac's War, Logan had clung to his white loyalties at so great a risk to his own life that he had finally been forced to flee to Philadelphia for refuge.

In a drunken spree, white traders had murdered nine of these peaceful Mingo Indians, among whom were Logan's mother, brother, sister and several cousins. Strapped to his sister's back and surviving, was the infant son of John Gibson, then a trader and later a Revolutionary colonel, a judge and secretary of Indiana territory.

The bereaved Logan fiercely renounced his lifelong partiality for whites and "dug up the hatchet." He is said to have personally taken 13 scalps and his followers took many more. He was raiding in Virginia at the time of the Battle of Point Pleasant.

When peace was made, Logan refused to join the negotiations and a special envoy was sent to him. Sitting under a large elm, which later lived to be almost 400 years old and was called "Logan's Elm", Logan stated his grief in a short speech. So eloquent was his statement, that it was translated and spread throughout the East, particularly by Thomas Jefferson and George Roger Clark. It was printed in grammar schoolbooks and readers of that period and was widely known.

The authenticity of the speech, as well as the innocence of Cresap, whom Logan mistakenly accused was vouched for by George Roger Clark in a letter to Dr. Samuel Brown dated June 17, 1798.

I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, "Logan is the friend of the white men." I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There remains not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'

St. Clair's Defeat

After the Revolutionary War, the American settlers moved into the Ohio Valley to settle the rich land there and share the lucrative fur trade. They found the British still exercising control over the Indians and urging them to oppose the greedy whites who would take their land. The Indians, though outnumbered and without the superior weapons of the settlers, nevertheless put up a desperate struggle and won some victories before being crushed.

To end the menace, troops were sent by President Washington down the Ohio to Cincinatti where they were joined at Fort Hamilton by some militia. Led by General Arthur St. Clair, whom Washington made Governor of the territory "Northwest of the River Ohio" in 1789, the second in command was General Richard Butler, also a distinguished Revolutionary commander. The militia, mostly unseasoned easterners, were accompanied by their wives and children and many female followers. A large part of the militia deserted in the next few weeks. Moving north, the army built a chain of forts and then camped on the Wabash River 100 miles north of Cincinatti. Despite Washington's warning to be alert, on November 4, 1791, the army was ambushed at daybreak by a large force of Indians led by Chief Little Turtle, a prominent Miami Indian war chief.

St. Clair himself fought bravely, having 3 horses shot from under him, 8 bullets went through his clothes and 1 clipped his hair. But the Indians fought from cover, shot down the easily visible whites who were not used to frontier fighting. Almost a thousand men were killed and wounded and the rest of the army fled. It was the worst militrary defeat by the Indians of an army since Braddock.

The battle took place in the SW corner of the present Mercer county near the Indiana line. The place was named "Fort Recovery" by General Anthony Wayne's troops, who fought off the Indians to bury the defeat's victims. Wayne's victory at the Battle of Fallen Timbers, 1795, led to the peace treaty with the tribes and brought calm to the Territory until the War of 1812.

A local politician, Henry R. Brackenridge of Pittsburg, wrote in hismemoirs in 1834, of having heard a blind ballad-maker, Dennis Loughley, "The BLind Homer of Pittsburgh" perform it at a local racetrack. hawking copies of his masterpiece by chanting it in a tone part nasal and part gutteral:

Come gentlemen, gentlemen all,
Gineral Sincleer shall remmbered be,
For he lost thirteen hundred men all,
In the Western Territoree!

Brackenridge also noted that while Loughey was chanting, nearby was "Crowder and his fiddle and his votaries, making the dust fly with a four-handed or rather four-footed reel." The ballad is sung to the fiddle-tune, "Bonaparte's Retreat" or "Napoleon Crossing the Rhine."

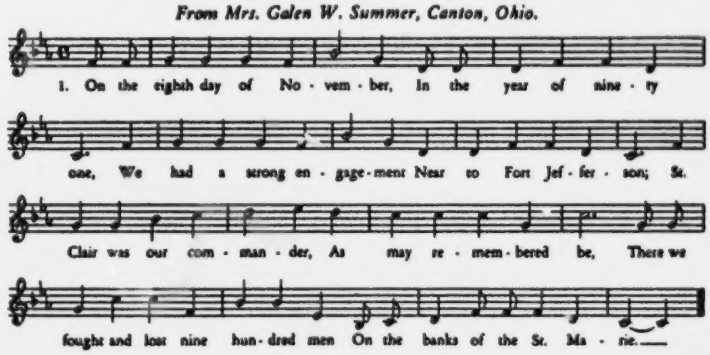
This topical ballad was circulated through broadside prints and is said to have hung on the walls of many homes during the early 1800's and was widely sung with sad emotion.

An interesting anecdote from the WPA state guide book on Oklahoma: PAWHUSKA is the seat of Osage county, the largest county in the state and the tribal capital. The town, which still has the original traditional Indian atmosphere, was named for a famous Osage chief. Paw-HuScah or White Hair, received his name from an incident in the battle known as St. Clair's Defeat..The Osage, then a youth, wounded an officer wearing a powdered wig. He started to scalp his quarry, when to his amazement the whole scalp came off and the victim escaped, leaving the Osage standing with a fluffy white wig grasped in his fingers. Believing that the wig had supernatural powers, the warrior henceforth wore it fastened to his own hair... (page 333)

Also found under this title:

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER

From Mrs. Galen W. Summer, Canton, Ohio.


1. On the eighth day of No - vem - ber, In the year of nine - ty
one, We had a strong en - gage-ment Near to Fort Jef - fer - son; St.
Clair was our com - man - der, As may re - mem - bered be, There we
fought and lost nine hun - dred men On the banks of the St. Ma - rie.

262

Source: Ballads and Songs of Ohio
from
Mary O. Eddy 1939 pg. 262

At Bunker Hilll and Quebeck, where many a hero fell,
Likewise at Long Island,(it isIthe truth can tell)
But such a dreadful carnage may I never see again,
As happened near Saint Mary's upon the river plain.

Our army was attack-ed just as the day did dawn,
And was soon over-power-red and driven from the lawn,
They killed Major Oldham, Levin and Briggs likewise,
While horrid yells of savages resounded through the skies.

We charged with courage firm, but soon again gave ground,
The war-whoop then redoubled, as did the foes around,
They killed Major Ferguson, which caused the men to cry,
"Our only safety is in flight, or fighting here to die."

"Stand to your guns," said valiant Ford, "Let's die upon
them here,
Before we let the Indians know we ever habored fear."
Our cannon balls exhausted and artillery men all slain,
Obliged were our musket men the enemy to sustain.

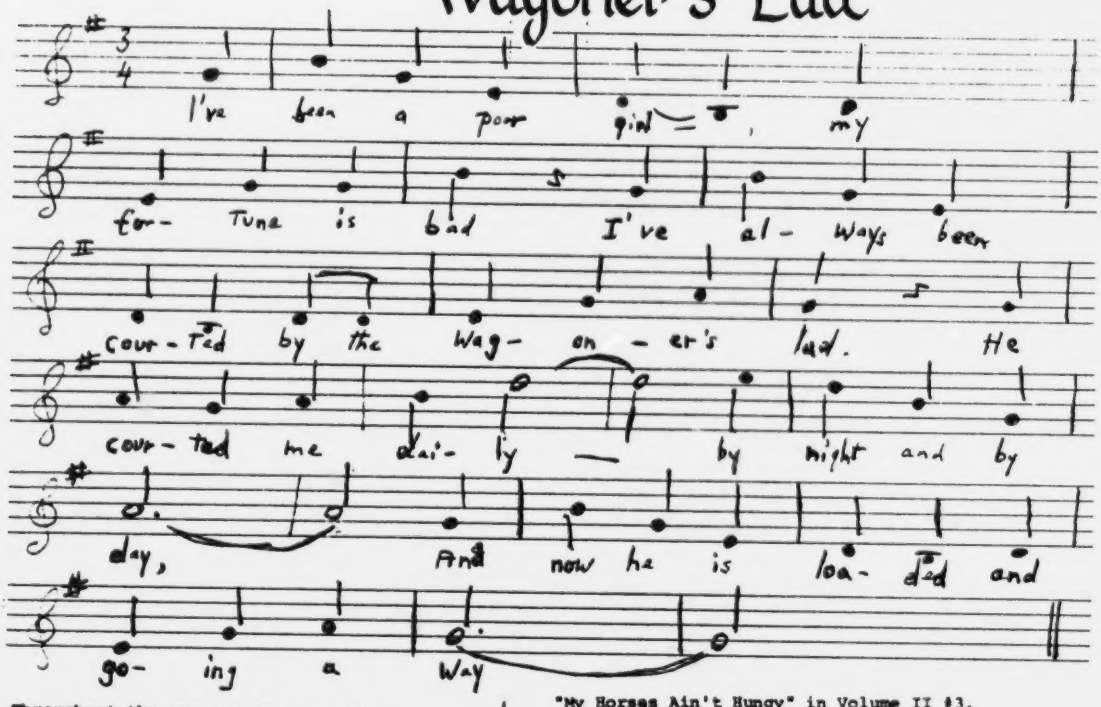
Yet three hours more we fought them and then were forced
to yield
When three hundred bloody warriors lay stretched upon the
field,
Says Colonel Gibson to his men, "My boys be not dismayed,
I am sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid."

The word "Retreat" being passed around there was a dismal cry,
Then helter-skelter through the woods, like wolves and
sheep they fly.
This well-appointed army, which but a day before,
Had braved, defied all danger, was like a cloud passed o'er.

Alas, the dead and wounded (how dreadful was the thought)
To the tomahawk and scalping-knife in mis'ry are brought.
Some had an arm and some a thigh broke on the field that day,
Who writhed in torment at the stake to close the dire affray.

To mention our brave officers is what I wish to do,
No sons of Mars e'er fought more brave or with more courage true.
To Captain Bradford I belonged, to his artillery,
He fell that day amongst the slain, a valiant man was he.

Wagoner's Lad


I've been a poor girl, my
for- tune is bad I've al- ways been
cour- ted by the wag- on- er's lad. He
cour- ted me dai- ly by night and by
day, And now he is loa- ded and
go- ing a way

Throughout the new country, a restless flood of immigrants was crowding westward, the continuous story of American expansion. They moved up the rivers by canoe, raft and flatboat. As settlements increased, roads were opened. The settlers pushed westward along the roads on foot, on horse or in wagons.

By the 1790's, huge Conestoga wagons rolled between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, carrying textiles, hardware and other manufactured goods, coffee , sugar and other luxuries to the westeern farmers , and on their way back East filled with farm produce. These Conestogas were huge wagons pulled by a team of six horses. They could carry 3-4 tons & were curved higher at each end so their loads didn't fall out going up hill or down. Made of solid oak, thirty feet long, with their bright red sides, their white canvas tops and their blue underbellies, a caravan of Conestogas was a colorful sight.

The rumbling of their huge iron-rimmed wheels(8 feet in diameter)the screeching of their wooden axles, the cheering of their drivers and the jingling of their horses' bells, were the envy of all. In those days a child could tell whose wagon was coming down the road by the sound of the harness bells as each set had their distinctive tone. The Conestoga wagon was the American freight carrier before the canal and railraod era. They were the commercial truckers of their day.

The wagoners were romantic figures, reckless, devil-may-care, singers and dancers. They originated many traditions. They are credited with starting the American custom of driving on the right side of the road.

The expression, "I'll be there with my bells on" dates back to them. When a team became stuck or "mired" or unable to pull up the hill, it would often hail another team to help them. The wagoner who gave the necessary assistance took the bells of the team needing help as his due and added it to the bells of his own team. Thus when a team arrived with bells, the inference was that no trouble was experienced on the way and it was a superior team.

IN this song, a girl mourns for her faithless lover, who wants to push along to another state and another girl.

We published a child's version, "My Horses Ain't Hungy" in Volume II #3, which has quite a different feeling from the one here. The song has grown and changed as people went westward, adding verses and telling about new situations. The song is as pliable and amorphous as our country itself.

Th warmth, comfort and familiarity of animals and friends in the children's version, as contrasted with the alienation and desolution of the lament,lonely and unhappy shows two opposites. That the same song could go in two directions is remarkable. It shows how people could use folksongs and the power of these songs to express such different emotions.

Oh, I am a poor girl, my fortune's been bad
Long time I've been courting the wagoner's lad.
He courted me fairly by night and by day,
But now he has loaded and is going away.

I loved him so dearly, I thought he loved me,
But now he is leaving, he wants to be free.
"Go put up your horses and feed them some hay,
Come sit down besides me as long as you may."

"My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So fare you well, darling, I'm going away."
"It's raining, it's hailing, the moon gives no light,
Your horses can't travel this dark road tonight."

"My horses are harnessed, my whip's in my hand,
So fare you well, darling, my horses won't stand."
"Oh must you go and leave me to see you no more?
To stay here a-weeping on the wild river shore?"

"Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.
Your parents are against me and you are the same,
Dig down in your heart dear, and blot out my name."

"I know they don't like you, but why should you care?
You know I"m your true love, you know I'm your dear.
I would have consented your bride for to be,
But my parents are willing for you to have me."

I came to this city to stay for awhile,
I left my own people, it's many long miles.
You want a freeholder and I have no land,
And that is your true love as I understand.

I'm going to Georgia, I"m going to roam,
I'm going to Georgia, to make it my home.
I'll ride on to Georgia and write you my mind,
For I mean to marry and leave you behind."

"So hard is the fortune of poor womankind,
They are always controlled and always confined.
Controlled by their parents,'till they are made wives,
Then slaves of their husbands the rest of their lives."

(continued on page 23)

Old Joe Clark

17

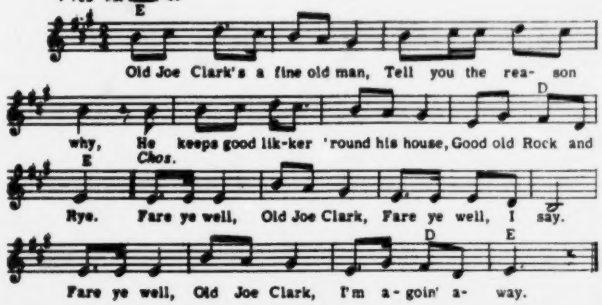
A frontier song that developed from many sources: English folk song; dance-songs of slavery days on southern plantations; a frontier play-party song; nursery songs and words to fiddle tunes. There are hundreds of verses attesting to the popularity of "Old Joe Clark."

This delightful song taps the child's imagination, sense of humor and sense of the ridiculous. In these days of Kentucky Fried Chicken and McDonald's Chicken Nuggets, who wouldn't want to visit a "house sixteen stories high, and every story in that house is filled with chicken pie." And not frozen pies but real chicken pie. Children could do a good parody on McDonald's and Kentucky Fried. How many children today think that chickens are only found in the supermarket, wrapped in plastic without head, feet or feathers?

During World War II, Woody Guthrie and Millard Lampell wrote new words to this tune--verses about Hitler, the Nazis and fascism, and their version was played on the radio and sung by the troops.

Thus, we can see how a song goes through a variety of forms and can evolve from an adult's play-party song into a children's song. And then change back to an adult theme during World War II. Folk songs change and adapt in the continuous folk process that they undergo, being used by the folk as they see fit.

(A classic banjo tune. Note the flatted 7th note of the scale. Joe Clark was an actual person, a veteran of the War of 1812.)


E
Old Joe Clark's a fine old man, Tell you the rea- son
D
why, He keeps good lik-ker 'round his house, Good old Rock and
E
Chos.
Rye. Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark, Fare ye well, I say.
D
E
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark, I'm a-goin' a- way.

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,
Preached all over the plain,
The only text he ever knew
Was "High, low jack and the game."
(Cho.)

Old Joe Clark had a mule,
His name was Morgan Brown,
And every tooth in that mule's head
Was sixteen inches around. (Cho.)

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,
She would neither sing or pray,
She stuck her head in the buttermilk jar
And washed her sins away. (Cho.)

Old Joe Clark had a house
Fifteen stories high,
And every storey in that house
Was filled with chicken pie. (Cho.)

I went down to old Joe's house,
He invited me to supper,
I stumped my toe on the table leg
And stuck my nose in the butter. (Cho.)

Now I wouldn't marry a widder,
Tell you the reason why,
She'd have so many children
They'd make those biscuits fly. (Cho.)

Sixteen horses in my team,
The leaders they are blind,
And every time the sun goes down
There's a pretty girl on my mind.
(Cho.)

Eighteen miles of mountain road
And fifteen miles of sand,
If I ever travel this road again,
I'll be a married man. (Cho.)

This version is from Pete Seeger's American Favorite Ballads (Oak Publications, 1961; paperback).

The children can use tambourines and percussion instruments to accompany the song. It is a lively, fast song and children like to move and stamp their feet or march when they sing it. They could also illustrate each verse--each is full of imagery--through charades and act them out. Children also like to clap to the rhythm of the song.

These additional verses are by Woody Guthrie and Millard Lampell, and the song was retitled, "Round and Round Hitler's Grave."

I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a peck,
I wish I had a rope to tie
Around old Hitler's neck. Hey!
CHORUS
Round and round, Hitler's grave,
Round and round we'll go.
Gonna lay that poor boy down.
He won't get up no more.

Mussolini won't last long
Tell you the reason why
We're a-gonna salt his beef
and hang it up to dry. (CHORUS)

I'm a-going to Berlin
To Mister Hitler's town
I'm gonna take my forty-four
And blow his playhouse down.
(CHORUS)

The German Army general staff
I guess they missed connections.
They went a hundred miles a day
But in the wrong direction. (CHORUS)

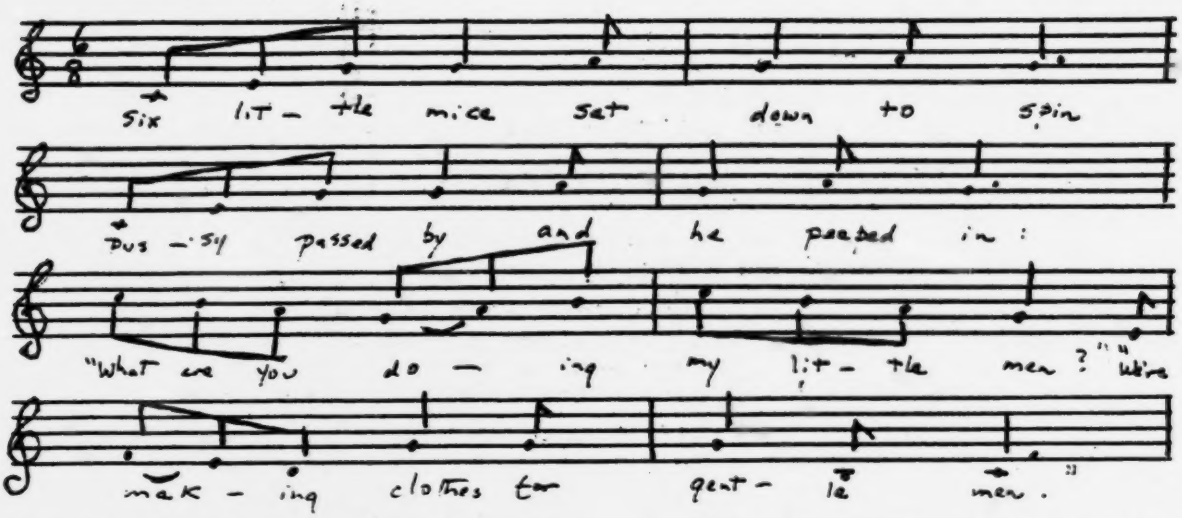
Hitler went to Russia
In search of Russian oil,
But the only oil he'll find there
Is a pot in which he'll boil. (CHORUS)

Mister Hitler's traveling mighty fast
But he's on a single track.
He started down that Moscow road
But now he's coming back. (CHORUS)

Six Little Mice

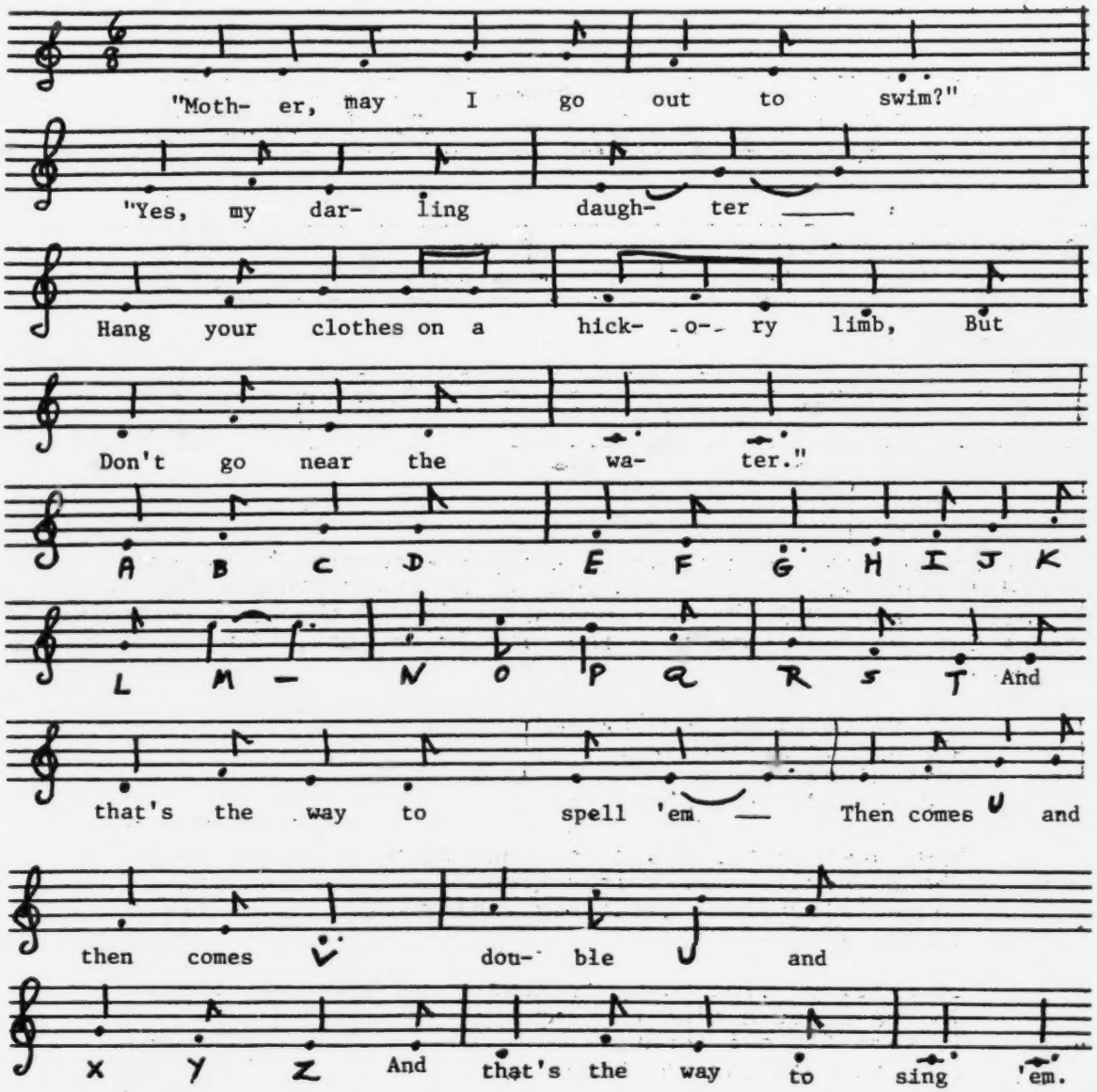
Adapted from a record, "The Mechau Family Sings Folk Songs and Ballads," Stinson Records SLP #47, a 10-inch record made in the late 1940's or early 1950's. A playful answer-back song based on an old Mother Goose rhyme.

Children enjoy taking turns--one being the cat and the rest singing the mice's part, and then another child becomes the cat for the next sing-around. The teacher can talk about how clothes are made, about spinning and sewing. She can bring in books on these subjects; children could do simple cardboard loom weaving; an old spinning wheel could be brought in. Invite in a neighbor, parent, craftsman to bring in their spinning tools and demonstrate. A tailor could come in and show how gentlemen's clothing is made.

The children could look for other Mother Goose verses or songs or other poetry about mice and cats. Children could go into the science area and study mice and cats--are they natural enemies? What uses do we make of mice? Are they always harmful to man? The teacher could read stories and tales to them dealing with mice and cats; some of Aesop's fables; some folktales feature them--children might enjoy the African tale of the mouse outsmarting the whale and the elephant by challenging each of them to a tug of war and then tying them to each other, while he (the mouse) hides in the forest and watches them exhaust themselves pulling against each other. The picture books of the French mouse who guards the cheese factory come to mind--Anatole, by Eve Titus, and her other Anatole books--lovable and humorous. Some other great picture books about mice are those by Don Freeman: Guard Mouse, Norman the Doorman, and Pet of the Met all have mice as their heroes and will appeal to primary-grade children. Read to them Aesop's fable, "The Mouse and the Lion." Bring in white mice as pets for the class to care for and to learn responsibility and to observe reproduction and family life and keep a log of what they observe; take photographs of the baby mice growing up.

Six lit - tle mice sat down to spin
Pus - sy passed by and he peeped in:
"What are you do - ing my lit - tle men?"
mak - ing clothes for gent - le men."

Six little mice sat down to spin.
Pussy passed by and he peeped in.
"What are you doing, my little men?"
"We're making clothes for gentlemen."

"May I come in and bite off your thread?"
"No, sir Pussy, you'll bite off our head."
"No, I won't, I'll help you spin."
"That may be so, but you can't come in.
That may be so, but you can't come in."

Alphabet Song

"Moth- er, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my dar- ling daugh- ter
Hang your clothes on a hick- -o- ry limb, But
Don't go near the wa- ter."
A B C D E F G H I J K
L M N O P Q R S T And
that's the way to spell 'em Then comes U and
then comes V dou- ble U and
X Y Z And that's the way to sing 'em.

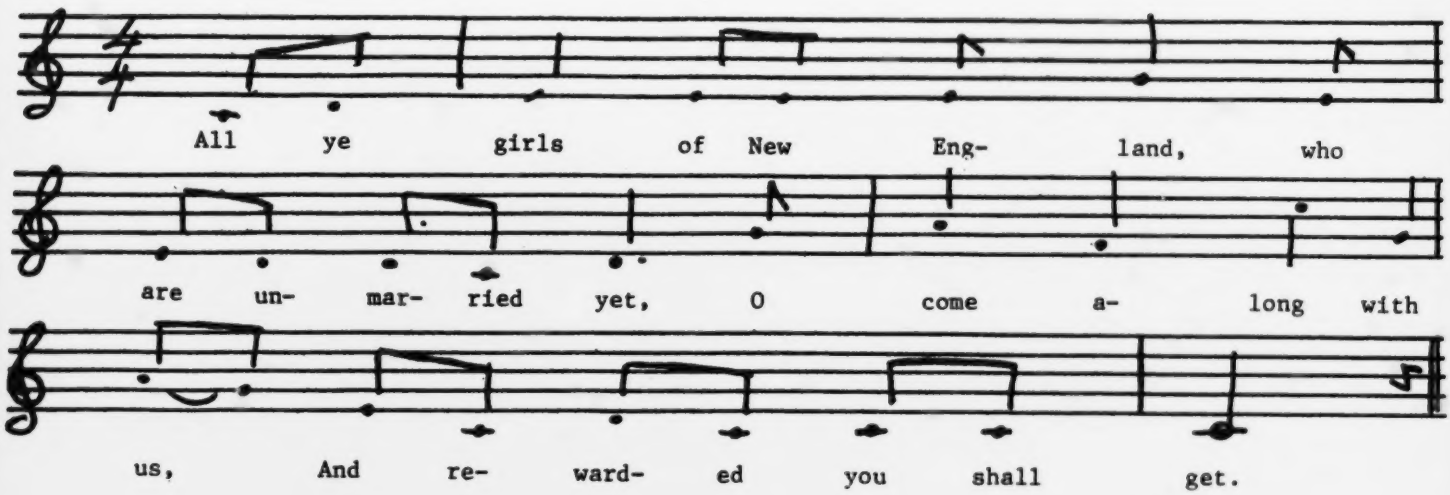
Pioneer children in the Northwest Territory learned their lessons, or some of them, in song. Since there was only one room in a pioneer schoolhouse, and children of different ages were reciting or singing in different parts of the room, it is not hard to imagine the bedlam that often prevailed in class.

Alphabet Song

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

A B C D E F G
H I J K L M,
N O P Q R S T
And that's the way to spell 'em.
Then comes U and then comes V
W and X Y Z
And that's the way to sing 'em.

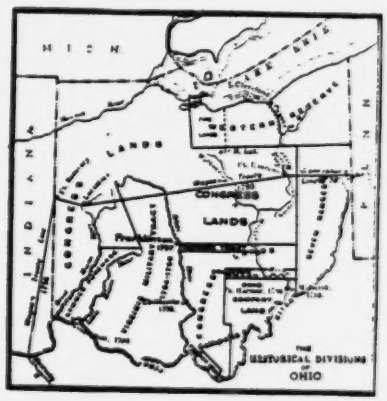
Pleasant Ohio



One of the most popular songs among the people who swarmed out to Ohio and Indiana after the establishment of the Northwest Territory in 1787 was "Pleasant Ohio." We reproduce a few of the many verses which settlers composed and sang to a favorite Irish tune, "The Wearing of the Green."

All ye girls of New England
Who are unmarried yet,
Come along with us
And rewarded you shall get.

Now, just be brisk and cook and spin,
The boys will make things grow.
And we'll raise a great big family
In the land of Ohio.

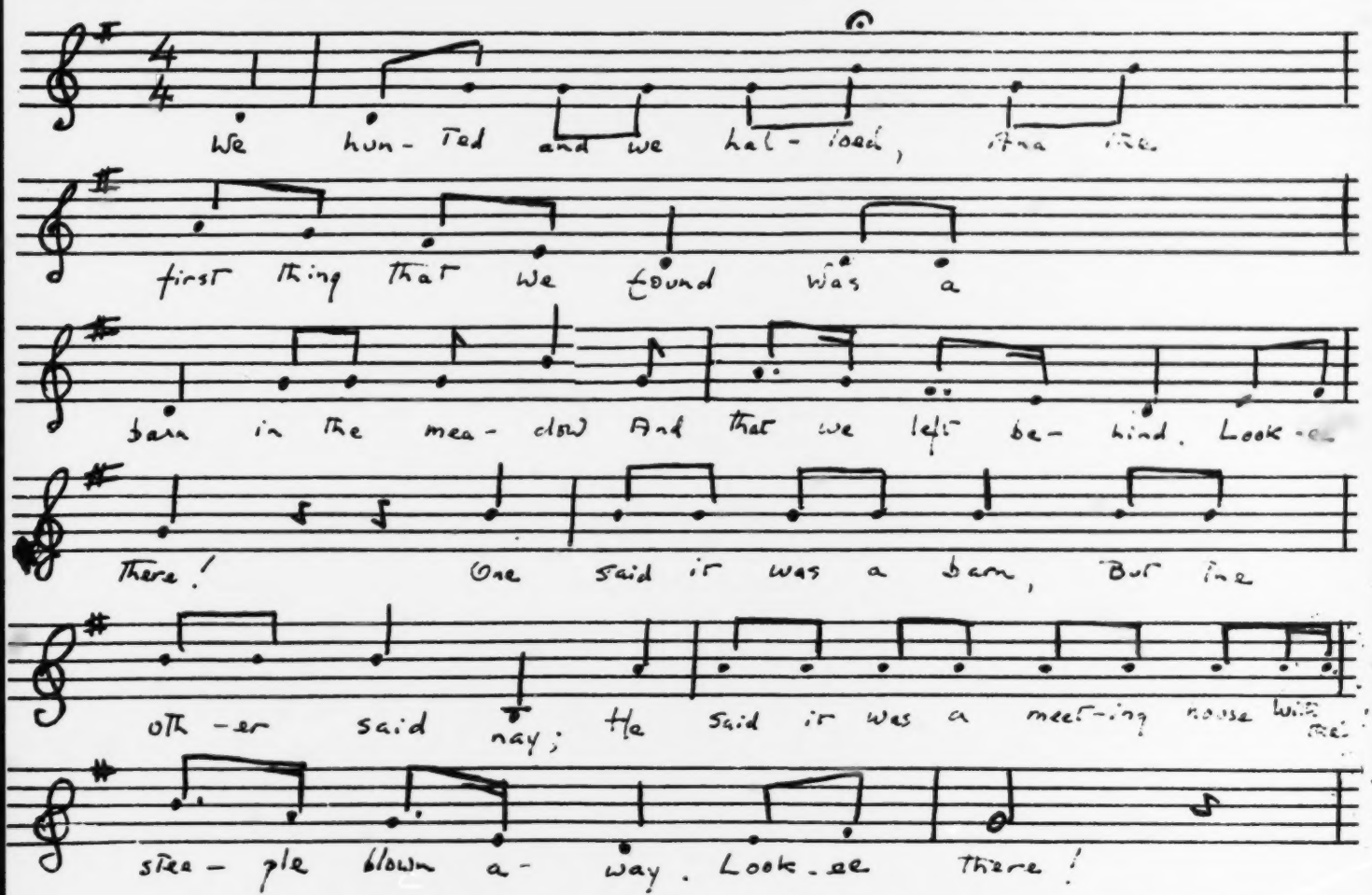


Come all ye fine young fellows
Who have got a mind to range
To some far off country
Your fortune for to change.

We'll settle in the land
Of the pleasant Ohio;
Through the wild woods we'll wander
And hunt the buffalo.

'Tis you can sow and reap, my love,
And I can spin and sew,
And we'll settle in the land
Of the pleasant Ohio.

For the sun shines bright from morn til night
And down the stream we'll go;
And good and great will be our state,
The mighty Ohio!

Jolly Hunters

We hun- ted and we hal- loed,
first thing that we found was a
barn in the mea- dow And that we left be- hind. Look-ee
there! One said it was a barn, But the
oth -er said nay; He said it was a meet-ing house with the
stee- ple blown a- way. Look-ee there!

This was an English song brought to the New World in colonial times. It was carried to the frontier by the settlers and sung there.

We hunted and we halloed,
And the first thing that we found
Was a barn in the meadow
And that we left behind.
Look-ee there!
One said it was a barn,
But the other said nay;
He said it was a meeting house
With the steeple blown away.
Look-ee there!

So we hunted and we halloed,
And the next thing we did find
Was the moon in the heavens
And that we left behind.
Look-ee there!
One said it was the moon,
But the other said nay,
He said it was a Yankee cheese
With the one half cut away.
Look-ee there!

So we hunted and we halloed,
And the next thing we did find
Was the lighthouse in Cape Ann
And that we left behind.
Look-ee there!
One said it was the lighthouse
But the other said nay,
He said it was a sugar loaf
With the paper blown away.
Look-ee there!

So we hunted and we halloed,
And the last thing we did find
Was the owl in the olive bush
And that we left behind.
Look-ee there!
One said it was an owl,
The other said nay,
He said it was the Evil One
And we all three ran away.
Look-ee there!

Follow-up Ideas for Your Students

1) The pioneers were obviously brave and independent people.Yet they depended upon each other. How? Do you think they were ever afraid? Have a discussion or debate: Whose lives were more dangerous -- the pioneers of the 1700's or ours of the 1980's? Explain your answers.

2) Make a list of frontier words, terms, sayings and proverbs. How many do we still use? Which ones are obsolete? Why?

3) Read some tall tales -- Mike Fink, Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone. There are many good collections; one of them is Yankee Doodle's Cousins by Anne Malcolmson. Life's Treasury of American Folklore is also a fine source. Make up your own tall tales. Write them down and illustrate them. Act them out with puppets; tell them to younger children in other classes.

4) Imagine you are a member of a pioneer family. Keep a diary or write a letter to a friend back home about your trip through the Cumberland Gap.

5) If you had been an Indian in the 1700's, how do you think you would have felt about the migration of the white settlers into your home and hunting grounds? Make up a speech or a poem stating your views so that they could understand why you love your land and your way of life.

6) Although they were numerous and often outnumbered the settlers, the various Indian tribes were unable to get together and make a united stand against the emigrants. If you were an Indian leader, what message might you send to your neighboring tribes to unite them to protect their interests?

7) Mapwork -- on an outline map or by drawing your own map of the eastern United States, locate the Ohio Valley, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, the Cumberland Gap, Ohio River and as many other rivers as you can --Tennessee, Miami, Scioto, Kentucky, Mississippi; locate Pawhuska, Oklahoma, Point Pleasant, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boonesborough, Jefferson's home at Monticello, Daneil Boone's various homes.

8) On a map of the eastern U.S.A.locate where INdian tribes use to live and hunt--includs the Cherokees, Miamis, Shawnees, Iroquois.

9) Make a model of a Connestoga wagon --using cardboard or balsa wood, old white pillowcase or handkerchief, clay for horses. Paint it traditional colors.

10) Make a mural of westward expansion showing pioneers moving on foot, horseback, wagon, canoe. raft, flatboat.

11) Research and find books about first hand accounts of the pioneers - diaries, letters, biographies, newspaper descriptions - What were some of their dreams? Some of the hardships they faced? How did they differ from ours?

12) Research pioneee life and responsibilities, duties for each member of a pioneer family. Then make a chart comparing their responsibilities with those of each member of your family.

13) What were some types of recreation that the pioneers engaged in? List the recreation choices of your family. Compare the two lists.Differences, similarities?

14) Find other pioneer and frontier songs --there are so many--(see Bibliography on page 9) Learn and sing some. Compare with songs in this issue.

15) Left out from # 13 above--What can we learn about pioneers and ourselves from these lists? What type of recreation facilities and activities do the astronauts have? Why is recreation important? Or is it?

16) Make a model of an Indian village, their homes and cornfields.

17) Make a model of Boonesborough. Research both 16 and 17 so that your models are accurate. Discuss with art teacher suggestions and materials to use.

18) If you were a member of a pioneer family moving westward into the Ohio Valley, make a list of essential items and personal treasures you'd take with you from your old home. If you were to move today into another country in Asia or South America with your family (they're taking a new job in a new culture) list the things you would take with you that you couldn't do without.

18) Turn to a pioneer cookbook. (try your library or historical society) prepare johnny cake or some other pioneer recipe. Buy the ingredients, make the dish eat it and enjoy it.

19) REad some Indian folktales and accounts of their lives. List some of their beliefs. How did they feel about the animals, trees, rivers of their forests? Which of these beliefs help us to live with nature in harmony and what can we learn from them? There are dozens of books about INdian folktales. One of my favorites it Legends of the Longhouse by Jesse J. Cornplanter, about the Senecas, one of the Iroquois tribes.

20, Make a study of the animals living in the eastern woods- beavers, deer, buffalo, ducks, geese and other small animals and birds. REad about them factually in science books. Why were they valuable to the Indians? What were some of their beliefs and legends about them? Why were they valuable to the white settlers and hunters? What has happened to many of these animals? How are they being protected today? Make up a legend about one of these animals--how they came to be and why they were placed in the forests.

Wagoner's Lad continued from p.16

***

... nothing illustrates so conclusively what the great road meant to an awakening West as the long lines of heavy Conestogas and rattling express wagons which raced at "unprecedented" speed across hill and vale. Searight, the local historian of the road, describes these large, broad-wheeled wagons covered with white canvas as

visible all the day long, at every point, making the highway look more like a leading avenue of a great city than a road through rural districts. . . . I have staid over night with William Cheets on [Negro] Mountain when there were about thirty six-horse teams in the wagon yard, a hundred Kentucky mules in an adjoining lot, a thousand hogs in their enclosures, and as many fat cattle in adjoining fields. The music made by this large number of hogs eating corn on a frosty night I shall never forget. After supper and attention to the teams, the wagoners would gather in the bar-room and listen to the music on the violin furnished by one of their fellows, have a Virginia

hoe-down, sing songs, tell anecdotes, and hear the experiences of drivers and drovers from all points of the road, and, when it was all over, unroll their beds, lay them down on the floor before the bar-room fire side by side, and sleep with their feet near the blaze as soundly as under the parental roof.

**The Paths of Inland Commerce,p.123-4

INDEX OF SONGS, VOLUME IV 1983-1984

All God's Children Got Shoes...3:74
All My Trials.....1:14
Banks of Newfoundland.....2:45
Bloodred Roses.....2:39
Boney.....2:34
Bonnie Lass 'o'Fyvie.....1:09
Boston Come All Ye.....2:49
Bound for the Rio Grande.....2:42
Come All Ye Fair & Tender Ladies1:16
Deirin De.....1:12
Dewy Dens of Yarrow.....1:13
Follow the Drinking Gourd.....3:72
Go Down Moses.....3:73
Haul Away Joe.....2:35
Henry Martin.....2:44
Housewife's Lament.....1:19
I'm On My Way.....3:76
I Never Will Marry.....1:17
Keep Woman In Her Sphere.....1:20
Long Summer Day.....3:64
Lord Franklin.....2:46
Lowlands.....2:38
Man Goin' Round.....2:66
Michael Row the Boat Ashore.....3:70
Mill Mother's Lament.....1:18
Mrs. McGraw.....1:10
Must I Be Bound?.....1:17
Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.3:71
Oh, Freedom.....3:78
Pick a Bale of Cotton.....3:63
Roll Jordan Roll.....3:79
Shenandoah.....2:41
Single Girl.....1:12
Sold Off to Georgy.....3:67
Sometimes I feel Like A Motherless.3:66
Steal Away.....3:75
The Trees They Do Grow High.....1:15
Trip to the Grand Banks.....2:50
Wisconsin Emigrant.....1:11

INDEX OF ARTICLES, Volume IV, 1983-1984

Checklist of Free Materials Still Available #1-35.....1:22
Index of Articles, Volumes I,II,III.....1:24
Index of Songs, Volumes I,II,III.....1:24
Motivating Reading With Ballads, Folksongs and Hymns.....1:06
Song: An Inalienable Right by Mary Richards.....2:30
Songs of the Sea: Introduction.....2:31
Teaching About Slavery Through Folk Song.....3:57
Women's Songs: An Introdcution.....1:08

EXTRA! EXTRA! FOLK SONGS BRING HISTORY ALIVE

In Volume IV #2, Winter 1984, we printed the story and ballad of Lord Franklin, the Arctic explorer who vanished with his complete crew and ships in the cold wastes in 1845. On September 26, 1984 the news was flashed around the world of an amazing discovery ----------

Preserved by an Arctic Death

From CNN TV

One of the frozen bodies found by anthropologists in the Arctic permafrost

Edmonton, Alberta (UPI) — Anthropologists have discovered the perfectly preserved bodies of two British sailors frozen 136 years ago in Arctic ice and likened the find to peering at faces in a "time machine," scientists say.

The graves of a 20-year-old petty officer and 25-year-old able seaman, members of Sir John Franklin's disastrous search for the Northwest Passage, were found last month by anthropologists digging in the permafrost of Beechey Island, it was announced Monday.

Owen Beattie, a University of Alberta anthropology professor and leader of the university expedition, said the sailors looked "more alive than dead." A third grave has been located but its contents have not been exhumed, he said.

"It's very exciting because it's almost like a time machine," Beattie said. "In fact, it is a time machine seeing someone who looks as they did 136 years ago, wearing their clothing."

The bodies were uncovered at the Franklin winter camp historic site, 400 miles north of where Franklin's expedition became stranded in ice while searching for a water route connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

Franklin began the search with a crew of 138 in May, 1845. His ships were crushed by ice and abandoned April 22, 1848. All crew members perished.

Beattie said tissue, organ and bone samples were removed from the petty officer, and will be studied by University of Alberta pathologist Roger Amy to determine the cause of death.

"The only indication that time has passed is that there's some moisture loss from being frozen so long," Beattie said. There was no indication the petty officer had a painful death — "his eyes were open and his face was a blank," he said.

On two previous expeditions, Beattie uncovered the bones of crewmen who lived two years longer than the men found last month. The earlier discoveries, made on King William Island, included a crushed skull marked by a knife, possibly a sign of cannibalism.

Beattie said the remains also showed high lead levels.

He said he hoped the autopsy results, which will be known in about two weeks, will help explain why the Franklin expedition failed. The bodies were left in their graves to preserve the historic site.

Workshops That We Will Be Presenting Around the Country

1) Friday, November 2, 1984 New England Reading Association Conference, Sturbridge, Massachusetts Singing Leads to Reading: Folksongs As A Resource for Teachers and Librarians 3:15-5:00
2) Southeast Regional International Reading Association Conference, Lexington, Kentucky, Folksongs and Reading: Natural Partners 8:00-9:30 A.M. Thursday, Nov 8th
3) New York State Reading Association Conference Postconference, Folksongs in The Classroom 7:15-10:00 P.M. Friday, November 9th
4) National Conference for the Social Studies, Special Interest Group annual meeting and workshop. Friday, November 16th WAshington, D.C.
5) March 28th, 1985, Thursday, Southern Division of Music Educators National Conference, Mobile, Alabama

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Folksongs of the Buckeye State by Anne Grimes

You might also write to Folkways and ask for their record catalog which contains an unbelieveable listing of folksongs and folk music and folk dance records of all cultures and nations. Also ask them for a copy of each of the following two articles: Recordings to Enrich the Curriculum in Elementary School,Junior and Senior High School by Florence B. Freedman, Supplement #1-1958 and The REcording As A TEaching Tool b" Esther Berg and Florence Freedman. There may be a small charge for these two-both are worth it. The catalog is free. Their address: Folkways 43 West 61st. Street, N.Y.C. N.Y. 10023

Reminders-of Interest and Help to You
1) If you are looking to buy folk song or folklore books, a marvelous source is Lillian Krelove, Legacy Books P.O. Box 494, Hatboro, Pa. 19040. Lillian is a knowledgeable and helpful bookseller and has one of the outstanding stocks of used and new books in the field. She is a good friend of the editors and of educators and is an expert in her field.

2) One of our outstanding free material offer which all primary and elementary teachers should send for is Norma Livo's article and bibliography on Music and Literature, free material #3. It's a 16 page article putting forth many ideas on how to use music and books with younger children and listing ballad, folk song picture books, games, lullabies and song collections, nursery rhymes and counting songs and others. Dr. Livo is a professor of Education at the University of Colorado. Two-20¢ stamps will get you a copy- we have the envelopes. All of our 38 free teaching aids are still available. Just send us one stamp or 20¢ for each.

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Frontier Songs we have printed in previous issues:
Hush Little Baby.....II:3-35
My Horses Ain't Hungry.....II:3-60
Old Man Who Lived in the Woods.....I:3-7
The Single Girl.....IV:1-;2
Wisconsin Emigrant.....IV:1-11

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Films of and From Apalachia

Some magnificent films of the people and crafts, trials and pleasures of Appalachia are available from: Appalshop, Inc. Box 743 Whitesburg, Kentucky 41858. Send for their catalog free.

****

Additional Children's Books on Whaling and Cowboy
Fisher, Leonard Everett, The DEath of Evening Star: The Diary of A Young New England Whaler (5-9) illus by author. 1972 Doubleday. When a young whaler's diary is uncovered, the reader is transported back to the adventure and mystique of the struggle between man and whale.
Ball, Zachery, North To Abilene Holiday, 1960. The one thousand mile cattle drive from Texas to Abilene challenges the resourcefulness of orphaned Seth in this fine tale of the early cattle industry(6-9)
Wormser, Richard, The Black Mustanger illus by Don Bolognese, 1971. Set in TExas in the period after the Civil War, the storv of a white boy whose mentor is a cowboy, half black and half Apache.(5-8)

****

RECORD REVIEWS

WE proudly list four outstanding records all put out by four of our very professional skilled and talented readers all of whom are professional musicians as well as teachers.

LAND OF THE SILVER BIRCH is another fine record by Rick and Judy Avery. "It is a family album of Canadian and American songs that we'd like our seven month old son, Jonathan, to be singing with his children when he grows up. It offers many opportunities for teachers and educators to latch on to the sociological, geographical and historical elements of the repertoire, as well as just plain enjoying the songs for what they are!" Rick & Judy, 35 Austin Ave. Toronto,Ontario, M4M 1V7 Canada.
REcord or cassette

2)THE GOOD OLD COLONY DAYS: EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FOLK MUSIC by Linda Russell, a balladeer for the National Park SErvice. A gorgeous record, it contains 16 songs, old familiar tunes. They tell not only about history, but also "about the feeling of the people...the farmers whose aching arms piled up the stones for the stone fences of New England, the women who bent over the wide hearths as they stirred in their great black pots, the soldier numbly wrapping his rags around him by the winter fire. Accompanied by three fine singers and musicians, Linda has produced a record that should appeal to any folk song lover. Prairie Smoke Records 250 WEst 99th St. Apt 8C N.Y.C. N.Y. 10025

A pair of records by Mitzie Collins
3)A SAMPLER OF FOLK MUSIC AND THE LEAVES OF LIFE. Both records featuring the hammered dulcimer, mountain dulcimer and psaltery. Mitzie, a teacher and folksinger, has a beautiful voice and uses her instruments skillfully. Her first record, she writes, " is a sample of the kind of music I have spent many hours sharing through my visits to schools, churches and other organizations. The record is a sampler of folk dances and folk songs.These dances and songs have become friends to me. I hope that you,too, will make them a happy part of your life."
4) Her second record, THE LEAVES OF LIFE is a lovely blending of songs about and for children, Irish and American airs and dance tunes and songs of faith. Mitzie Collins, Sampler Records 197 Melrose Street, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

All four records contain booklets with the words, notes and bibliography information which are most helpful. Do write off for further information or to order. All are very reasonably priced and put out by artists who work with children.

Volume V, #1
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We welcome your comments, suggestions, criticisms, letters, articles, I.O.U.'s, bills, brickbats, jokes, get well cards. We get lonely. Write!!!

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES - A NEWSLETTER

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Table of Contents

Correspondence.....28

Folk Songs in the CLassroom Abroad
by Martin Pedersen (Sicily).....29-30

Music for Battle of Point Pleasant.....30

Lumbering - Cutting Down the White Pine: The Shantyboys and the White River Men

Introduction.....31

Background Notes to Logging in the New World....32-33

Songs:

Lumberman's Alphabet.....34
The Shantyman's Life.....35
Les Raftsmen.....36-37
Peter Emberly.....37-38
Once More A-lumbering Go.....39-40
The Shantyboy and the Farmer's Son.....41-42
Wild Colonial Boy.....43-45

Fantastic filmstrip, The Romance of the Lumberjack.45
Little Brown Bulls.....46-47
Michigan-I-O.....48-49

The White Water Men-Driving Logs Down the River
Background Notes.....50-51
Jam on Gerry's Rock.....52

Finale:
Music Around the Deacon's Seat.....53
Shantyboys' Words That Have Enriched Our Language.....53

Background Readings for Teachers About the Shantyboys54
Books of Folksongs and Ballads of the Shantyboys.....54
Discography - Songs of the Shantyboys on Records.....54

Follow-up Teaching Ideas for Your Students.....55

Action Page - - - Renew Now.....56

This is our fifth year and our fifteenth issue. Putting out the newsletter is a labor of love for Tony and me. We hope to go on for another five years at least. BUT we do need your support, both financial and moral.

Send in your renewal today --- and spread the word about FSITC.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM OUR READERS

This issue we're going to give ourselves a pat on the back and print some nice letters of praise from our readers. We all need a boost now and then and to be told we're doing a good job. We are no exception. So, let's hear from you. Your letters and comments, both critical and congratulatory are welcome. Write us a letter - tell us you hate us or that you love us -- and most importantly, what you're doing in your classroom. Tell us what some of your colleagues are doing with the newsletter and how they are using it. We are becoming international, too, as you will see by two of the letters.

Jeanine Mazzurana Johnson Apt.2188
No. 538 Randolph AFB Texas 78148

I have enjoyed reading all the back issues of Folksong In The Classroom and marvel at how the magazine has matured in such a short period of time. Congratulations and thanks to you and others who have had a hand in such a useful and wonderful newsletter.

As an elementary music teacher I appreciate the historical notes and vocabulary of words and phrases most. I now have a deeper insight to all the wonderful folksongs I have been singing with my children.

Delf. M. Hohmann c/o Dept. of Folklore
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(Delf is a German graduate student studying abroad in Canada)

I just got back from Germany where I did a series of concerts in German highschools, and the newsletters I had were quite useful to introduce the songs I sang.

I think your newsletter is a real contribution and I hope you keep going the way you did in the past. I am going into a M.S. program in Anglophere Folklore at the University of Newfound land in St. John's.

Jeff Warner and Jeff DAvis- Traditional Music 2716 Ordway ST.N.W.,WAshD.C.20008

We are much enamored of your Frontier and Pioneer issue, so full of the stories behind the songs told the way you tell them so well.

We are especially interested since we are now working (upon occasion) for the Ohio Arts Council Arts In Education program and will be doing an in-residency in Bolivar, Ohio in February. Your info and music will be well used with the Ohio kids.

Barbara Riley, Library Media Specialist
New Hartford Central School Library
Hughes Road, New Hartford, N.Y. 13413

Just got around toreading Volume V #1. What a great newsletter! The format was so easy to read; and so interesting. I have a new music teacher in our school and have shared my copy with her. Please send her a sample copy.

I am interested in so many pages. I have just finished sharing many books about cats. And about mice with my first graders. Of course, I use Don Freeman's books. Next time I do a unit, I will try to include a song about mice.

I was just sharing ABC books with my kindergartners and of course they knew the familiar one so often sung. It will be interesting to share the one pioneer children used to sing!

I have reproduced page 22 with its 20 great follow-up ideas for our fourth and fifth grade teachers. Their social studies curriculum is over-lapping right now so both can use the ideas. I am in the middle of planning a Laura Ingalls Wilder party for the 3 sections of 4th grade for this Thursday. Our music teacher has taught them each a song from her songbook, which by the way, parallels our grade 4 music book.

I am enclosing 2-20¢ stamps for Norma Livo's article and bibliography, free material # 3. It sounds like something I would like to have. I am writing to Linda Russell for more information about her record of "The Good Old Colony Days."

IT'S THE SYME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER:

Folk Songs in the Classroom Abroad

Martin Pedersen
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Folk music helps Americans to know themselves, and can help others to know us too. Besides being enjoyable, folk songs do two things: they tell about themselves, about the various types and styles of traditional music, and, more importantly, they tell about American culture and history. They represent us. They tell the world who we are. In a world divided between pro- and anti-American they present us as a people with the feelings, values, and stories-to-tell common to all peoples. As an American, I'd rather be associated with a good folk song than the atom bomb.

During our lives some of us will find ourselves living outside the U.S. (there are 120,000 Americans in Italy alone.) And absense does make the heart grow fonder, so that singing a folk song at home is different from singing one in Berlin, Bombay or Buenos Aires. One who lives in a foreign country and speaks the native language has a special opportunity to be a sort of ambassador representing the best of our heritage.

My own story is this, I'm a California elementary-school teacher who by chance, or fortune, married and settled in Italy, specifically in Sicily. As time went by (I've been here six years now) I sang more and more the old, familiar songs; they made me feel good. I remembered the assemblies that folk-singers did in our schools and set out to try it myself. After learning a bit of guitar, the banjo and now dulcimer as accompaniment, I worked out an introductory program designed to show the different kinds of songs which, in turn, show the different historical periods, regions, ethnic and occupational groups. For the last four years I've shared these in the local middle and high schools and it's been very satisfying. One thing lead to another and I also taught a course on folk music at the university (where I normally teach English). I do a weekly radio show of traditional American music and live songs (bring back live radio!), and I'm now completing a collection of American folk songs for Italians.

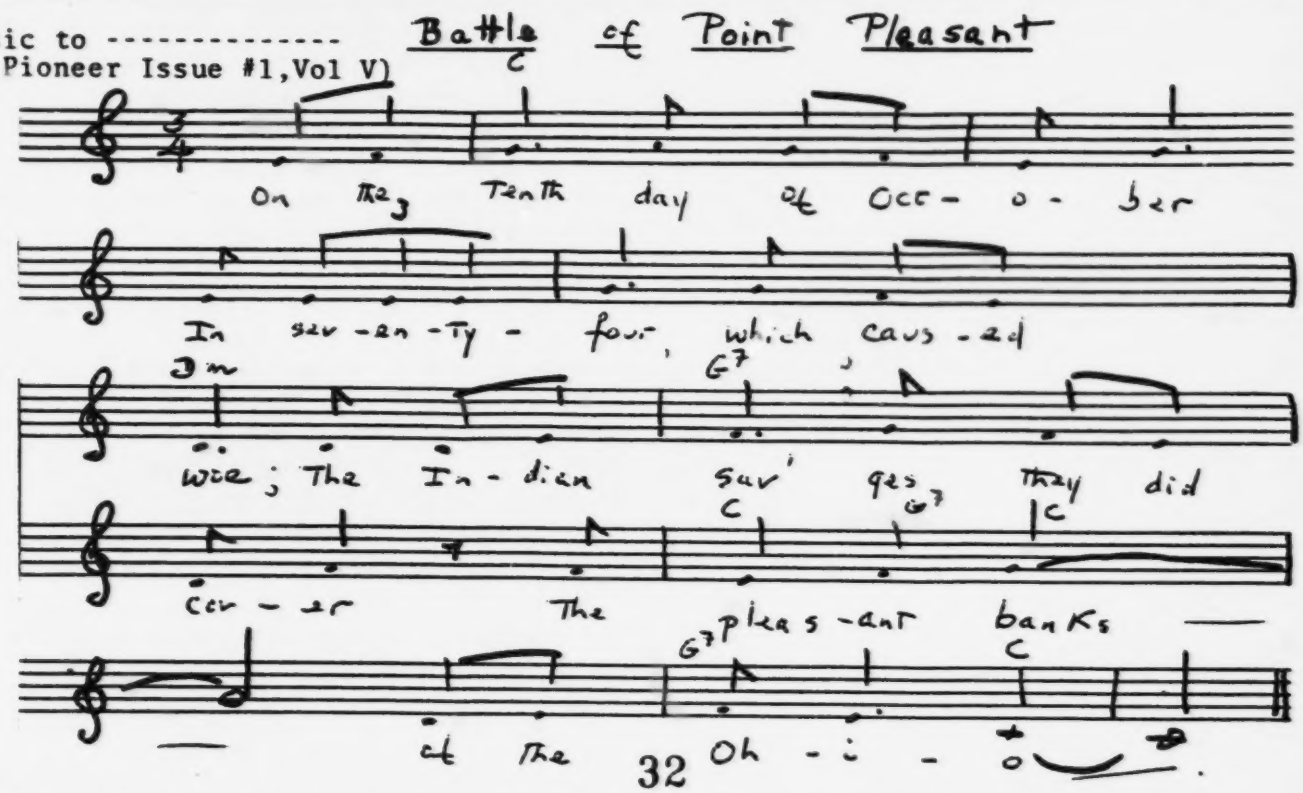
The preparation of the singing programs is very important; the principal has to understand and support the project, the teachers need to talk with their students about it both before and after. The few times that it hasn't worked have been because this kind of support (and most of the teachers) was missing. About a week before a date, I give the students booklets of translations of the songs. The translations are essential. Young people hear American commercial music all day long and automatically filter out the incomprehensible text and any meaning it might have. A few photocopies make all the difference.

The actual concert must be a mixture of a musical/cultural lesson and good fun. The attention span of kids listening to songs in a foreign language is pretty short, so an occasional funny song or joke doesn't hurt. I tell elephant jokes - is that American folk humor? The bulk of my comments, though, are on the types of songs - what is a spiritual, a ballad, etc. - and on the cultural/historical setting - life on the prairie, black history, immigration, the railroads, etc. etc. For many students it's a first look at an unknown America.

During the songs I call for participation in the form of toe-tapping, hand-clapping, sound effects (we do a great train whistle for John Henry), short choruses (He was her man, but he done her wrong) and we end by trying a whole song together (Old Texas) in call and echo style. It works just like singing Guantanamera with Pete Seeger.

I remember when the mariachi band came to our school and sang different kinds of Mexican music. I remember other programs of ethnic music in languages I didn't understand and I always got something out of them, at least a feel for the culture. Now I do the same thing in reverse.

The folk-singer's primary role is, naturally, the preservation of the traditional culture within that culture, but as the world grows smaller I think there's a place for singer/teachers of all countries to exchange their precious heritages. Sharing songs brings people together. Mutual understanding is the first step to peace. How many of us enjoy Russian folk music and would it make a difference?

Music to ---------- (see Pioneer Issue #1, Vol V)

The melody to which the song is set is one of several variants of The Banks of the Ohio

LUMBERING: CUTTING DOWN THE PINE - Introduction

From early colonial times until the end of the 19th century one of the most necessary and dangerous of frontier occupations was the felling of the huge stands of timber that covered most of the eastern part of the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. White pine was to the people of that era what steel is to us today - from it was made homes, ships, furniture, weapons and tools. The professional timberman, or loggers, were pioneers among the pioneers. Far ahead of even the outskirts of settlement, they cut down the forests and provided an endless stream of logs to feed to the saw mills and to convert into boards and beams.

Lumbering, during the 19th century was, as Alan Lomax puts it, "The story of a monster industry clawing down millions of acres of evergreens in an effort to keep up with the growth of a new nation." It was a big, profitable business, from which hundreds of millions of dollars were made by the entrepreneurs who bought up the virgin stands for a pittance, built the saw mills, organized the work force, and sent the planks to market.

The loggers were the working people who made possible the amassing of the vast wealth of the lumber industry; but they themselves did not grow rich by what they did. On the contrary; their work was long, hard and dangerous, and it paid very little. In this respect their lives were little different from tens of thousands of other workers - seamen, cowboys, railroad builders, miners and factory employees - who devoted their lives to the building of the American industrial colossus.

The loggers, or shantyboys, lived in a rude cabin chinked with moss, their food cooked on an open fire.They worked all day in freezing temperatures, felling and topping the pine, hauling the logs with sled and ox to the lake shores or the river landings. When the spring thaws set in, they steered their rolling, plunging, twisting cargo down river to the mills, riding the logs with steel-shod boots, steering them and heading off jams with a peavey. This was, perhaps, the most dangerous work that a person might ever do.

The shantyboys created many songs about their lives and their daily experience and these songs give us an unexampled record of the daily life of the American working man, as he himself has told it. The songs show that these people felt deeply ambivalent about their job. On the one hand they rejoiced in the challenge of the forest and the use of the skills which they perfected in their daily work. They convey, too, a supreme joy in nature, life in the open air on days when the air was cold under a cloudless sky. On the other hand, these songs convey the message that the lumberman's life was a hell on earth - a never ending round of exhausting toil, boredom, danger and deprivation. Like soldiers in a war, they were always dog-tired, always cold and wet, and always walking side by side with death.

In what follows, we reproduce a few of the best-known of the shantyboys' songs -- songs which express both the joy and the challenge of the frontier existence as well as the tragedy.

The era of the timber beast, the white water man, the cowboy, the Erie Canawler, the whaler, the 49er have passed. We now remember them with nostalgia. Part of our history - colorful and loveable - the men and women who built America. Machines , electricity, mechanization have robbed their living of its glamour and its rugged, dare-devil individualism. The youth of America has departed. Its childish wonder and joy are but a memory. Their ballads and songs still remain a monument to a vanished civilization.

LUMBERING IN THE NEW WORLD - Background Notes

When the first Europeans came to our shores, they found the land covered with a seemingly endless ocean of virgin forest. This timber was both enemy and friend to the settler. It covered the land shutting out the sun and made the ground dark and damp so that crops could not be grown. It provided food, shelter and ambush for the Indians. On the other hand, it furnished logs for the settlers' cabins, barns, stockades, ships, cradles, tools, masts and furniture and an endless supply of fuel for warmth and cooking. Logging was probably the first activity of the settlers and what was needed most was "to let some daylight into the swamp."

Henry Hudson had a new mast cut somewhere in Casco Bay, Maine before making his return voyage to Holland. Sawmills, powered by water, were erected early to cut the logs up into lumber. The Pilgrim Fathers were early lumbermen. John Alden, who spoke for his friend Miles Standish in courting,is recorded as part proprietor of a sawmill on the Saco River.

The early settlers placed no value upon the timber growths nor showed any concern for the replenishment of the forests. His only thought was to cut down and dispose of the timber so that he could clear and work his land. He faced an endless battle with the forest. After two centuries of trying to conquer it, the idea was implanted in Americans that the forests were inexhaustible. This idea was to dominate the thinking of the loggers who in the 19th century ruthlessly cut down the trees, never dreaming that some day the country would run out of virgin timber.

New Englanders lost no time in starting three industries that were to dominate much of their lives for a long time to come; all connected with the forests: lumbering, ship-building and saw-milling. Yet since everyone cut down trees, lumbering as a separate occupation did not really develop until the 19th century. The true shantyboys, loggers who lived in shanties in the forests, did not come into their own and developas a separate breed until the 1830's.

England took an active interest in the rich bounty of the forests of her colonies. In 1691, the Crown ordered that all the best pines and oaks, 24 inches or more at the butt, be reserved for the Royal Navy. The Surveyor-General of the woods was ordered to mark such trees with a "broad arrow and severe penalties were set up for any unauthorized person cutting down trees so marked. But the forests were much too large and the king's officers too few, to strictly enforce this law. Many a "broad arrow" giant was eaten up in a local sawmill.

Lumbering began in both New Hampshire and Maine with the earliest permanent settlements and played a major part in the growth of both of these colonies. Logging spread from river to river, the SAco, Piscataqua, Presumpscot, Androscoggin, Kennebec, St. George, Narraguagus, Machia and finally the Penobscot. Each one played its part. Rivers were of the utmost importance as they furnished transportation for the logs from the forests to the sawmills. The long, rough, broken shoreline of Maine was also vital, because it made the timberlands more accessible.

The white pine was especially valued and the only timber loggers were interested in. Its lightness and straightness of grain made it easily worked handled and adapted. Yet it was strong, slow to decay, odorless, seasoned well and had great resistance to time and weather. Most importantly, pine floated. Its cheapness, abundance and its varied usefulness made it an important factor in the westward movement. The vast pine forests beginning in eastern Canada and New England, stretched westward and covered northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and spread northward into Canada.

The white pine was so important to Maine that the first state legislature caused it to be placed upon the state's Great Seal along with the figure of the sailor, the farmer, the moose, deer and the North Star. Maine is called the Pine Tree State.

While all colonies and later the states cut pine and had saw mills, Massachusetts, Connecticut Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and New York were mainly farming areas and they looked more and more to Maine and New Hampshire for their lumber. In late colonial times, lumber itself was widely used as currency. It was used to pay for teachers' salaries and as a means of exchange. The colonists quickly learned that skidding or hauling logs was easiest on snow and ice, and winter time became the season for laboring in the woods.

Maine's lumber went to various markets in the UNited States, the world and to the West Indies. A large amount was shipped to Cuba for the making of sugar boxes. Molasses was brought back in exchange for the lumber. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities received a huge amount of lumber for its buildings, sidewalks and wagons.

The first MAine settlers built their homes on the site of Bangor in 1769 on the banks of the Penobscot, 50 miles above the open sea. Bangor was surrounded by endless forests of spruce and white pine towering straight up two hundred feet. This two and a half million acres of virgin forest was drained by the Penobscot and its lakes and tributaries. Thoreau said of Bangor that "it was like a star on the edge of night". IT stood on the edge of a black forest. By 1840 Bangor had become the leading city of the state and was the greatest lumber center of the U.S.

Other cities would be larger and cut more lumber, but none were to be more famous or more wicked. It was the first city of its size whose entire energies and interests went into lumbering and the entertainment of the shantyboys. The Penobscot river men were known throughout the country as the Bangor Tigers, sure of foot and ready for a fight. They and Bangor set the pattern for lumbering that was to be largely followed later on as logging spread across the country. In the emigration westward and southward, ten more Bangors were to be founded by the lumbermen.

Its harbors were choked with ships coming for lumber to carry to Spain, England, the West Indies and the rest of the world.

> Below or above Bangor, the river was never empty. From the mills came long rafts made of sawed lumber floating down to the docks to be taken apart, board by board, and stowed in the holds. Log rafts, too, some of them half a mile long, came into Bangor for sawing in the city mills. As for men in calked boots - they simply swarmed over everything and everywhere.

> Out on a Bangor street, one sniffed the air and found the perfume of pine in it. In the shops one smelled rum and molasses. It was pure affinity. Lumbermen sweetened the loggers' beans and tea with molasses; they made it into rum for the loggers' entertainment. And the logger, he put the pine dust in the air."
> * S.H. Holbrook, Holy Old Mackinaw

As the New England forests were thinned out of tall white pine, the lumbermen and shantyboys knew they had to move on. The forests were all right now for farmers and townspeople, but not for shantyboys. Westward, ever westward moved the loggers. As the 49ers sought gold in California, so the lumbermen sought the white pine. The green gold of Michigan was to outvalue the yellow gold of California by over a billion dollars.

By the 1830's and 1840's the lumbermen had looked about and spied the great pine forests of the Lake States. In an area as big as France, was an immense white pine forest containing over 200,000 square miles of great trees. The pines were bigger and taller than in Maine, with diameters of 30 to 60 inches and free of knots. It seemed to their eyes like timber enough for a thousand years - "Woods to the world's end!"

A timbercruiser recalled the sight:

> The pine on the main river reached from the shoreon each side as far as the eye could see from the top of the highest tree, along all its extent of fifty miles, or more. I had seen far more pine than the company expected to find.

There were plenty of trees in the Lake States, but few experienced loggers. The lumbermen advertised in the Bangor papers. The Bangor Tigers read the ads, grabbed their axrs and peaveys and moved westward by the hundreds. The Erie Canal freighters and line-boats were filled with timber wolves, drinking, singing and roaring as they moved through the quiet western New York countryside. Later, billions of feet of timber cut in the Lakee states were shipped back East on the Erie Canal. Albany became the world's greatest lumber mart.

This huge area of the Lake States was drained by majestic rivers, which with their lakes and steams provided the only highways into the wilderness. Many of them bore French or Indian names, beautiful and musical to the tongue: Saginaw, Muskegon, Tittebawassee, Wisconsin, Red Cedar, Snake, St. Croix, Chippewa, Shiawassee, Au Sable, Rifle, Menominee, Bad, Run and the Kettle Rivers.

SAginaw became the most important lumbering town, the Bangor of the Lake States. Michigan was one of the most prolific pine regions in the whole world. For over twenty years, from 1860 to 1880, it was the leading lumber state in the country. It is estimated that enough pine was cut in Michigan to build a boardwalk 5 feet wide and 2 inches thick, 3 million miles long -- enough to go around the earth's equator 120 times. Over 100,000 men were employed in her woods. Later on, Wisconsin and Minnesota also became great lumbering states.

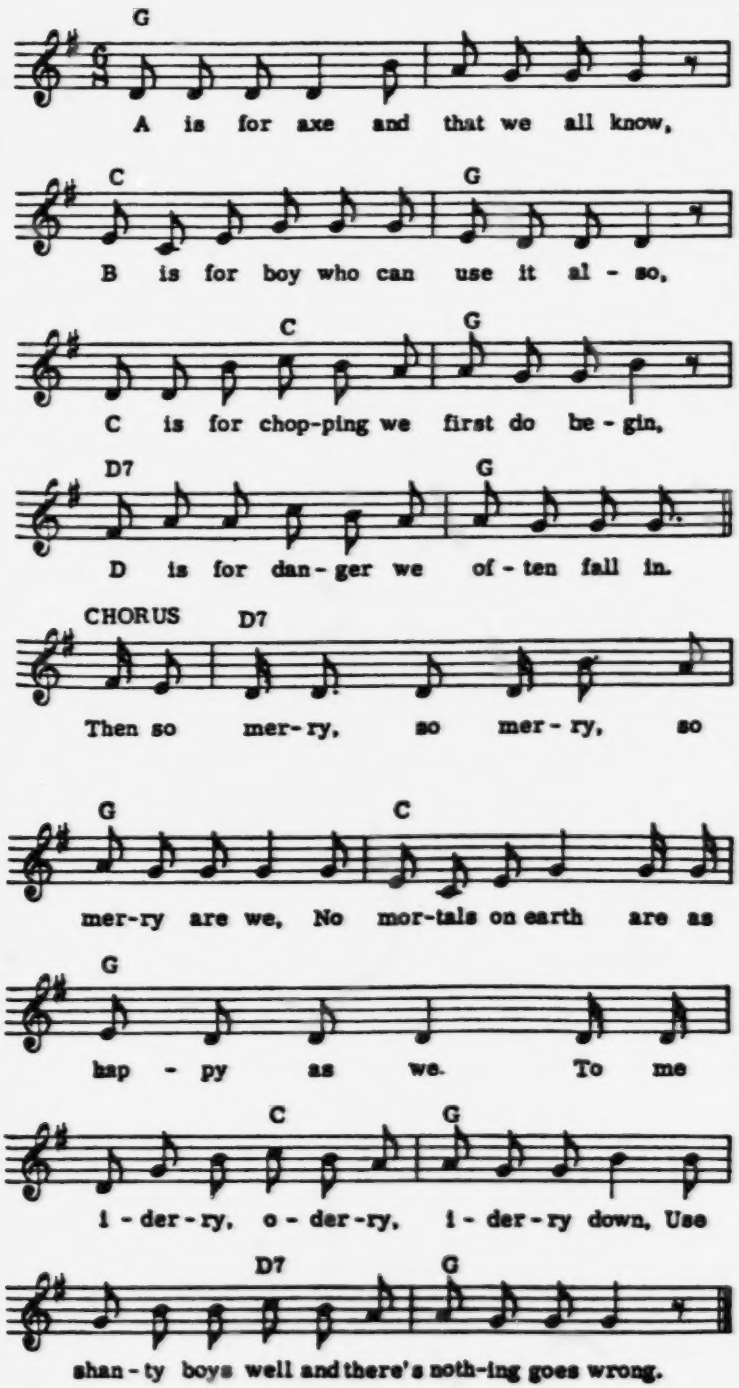
The lumber of the Lake States was shipped east and west and south and used in huge quantities everywhere to make everything from ship masts to matches. In the 1860's and 1870's, the great tide of emigrants reached and entered on the treeless prairies and plains of Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado and the Dakotas. An insatiable cry went up for lumber. Sod houses were only temporary shelters and wooden ones were needed. The pineries of the Lake STates furnished the wood to build the towns, cities, homes and farms that subdued the prairies.

It took a lot of timber to supply the demand for joists, frames, floors, lathes and shingles for the endless rows of stores, houses, barns, grain elevators and factories; to build its wharves, schooners, canal boats, steamboats, wagons, buggies, carriages, bridges and board sidewalks of all the communities; the sheds, fences, boarding houses, saloons, restaurants, hitching posts and outhouses. Settlers needed doors, window sashes, plows, tools, furniture, churns, barrels, buckets, boxes, crates, pails, tubs, bushel measures, baskets and other similar utensils. Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Omaha, Kansas City, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Wichita, Topeka and hundreds of other towns and cities were built with white pine.

Lumbering played a most important role in the settlement and growth of the three Lake states. Logging was once as indicative of Michigan as the automobile industry is today. It put Michigan on the map and laid the foundation for a considerable part of Michigan's fortune and was true of Minnesota and Wisconsin too. Lumbering produced and attracted capital, so basic for the building of a new country.

The first riches of the forests of the Lake states were its furbearing animals. Fur trapping eventually gave way to mining, mining to lumbering and lumbering to farming. Lumbering produced great physical changes in these states and prepared the way for the wheat farmer. As more farmers came in, the size of the lumbering crews could be increased and more lumber cut to meet the growing demand. As the pine was cut down, the shantyboy and his camp were replaced by house and barn; the axe and peavey were replaced by plow and harrow; the thoroughbred bull took the place of the ox and horse.

The loggers had thought that Maine's timber would last forever. Then they had moved into the Lake States and they were sure that they would never cut down all the trees there. But by 1892, most of the pine was gone and the sawmills were quiet and rusting. The lumber barons heard tales of huge pines, even bigger and taller than any seen in Maine or Michigan; of redwoods so huge it took two men and one boy just to look to the top of one; of trees so tremendous they must be a lie. So they moved their whole crews to the Pacific slopes. The shantyboys went, but they left their songs behind. It was the beginning of the machine age and the phonograph replaced the singing around the Deacon's seat.

Lumberman's Alphabet

G
A is for axe and that we all know,
C G
B is for boy who can use it al - so,
C G
C is for chop-ping we first do be - gin,
D7 G
D is for dan - ger we of - ten fall in.
CHORUS D7
Then so mer - ry, so mer - ry, so
G C
mer-ry are we, No mor-tals on earth are as
G
hap - py as we. To me
C G
i - der - ry, o - der - ry, i - der - ry down, Use
D7 G
shan - ty boys well and there's noth-ing goes wrong.

This is one of the best-loved of all lumbermen's songs, and has been sung clear across the continent. Young men in the prime of life express in it the joys of a hardy, open air existence and make light of the dangers and discomforts of frontier experience. Probably deriving from earlier alphabet songs The Lumberman's Alphabet is an instant favorite with children. Alan Lomax recorded the melody from the singing of Gus Schaffer in Greenland, Michigan in 1938.

E is for echo that through the woods rang,
And F is for foreman the head of our gang,
G is for grindstone at night we do turn,
And H is for handle that's so smoothly worn.
Chorus

I is for iron with which we mark pine,
And J is for jolly boys, all in a line,
K is for keen edge that on our axes we keep,
And L is for lice that keep us from sleep.
Chorus

M is for moss that chinks up our camp,
And N is for needle for mending our pants,
O is for owl a-hooting by night,
And P is for pine that we always fall right.
Chorus

Q is for quickness we put ourselves to,
And R is for river we haul our logs to,
S is for sled that we haul our logs on,
And T is for team that pulls them along.
Chorus

U is for uses we set ourselves to,
And V is for valley we haul our logs through,
W is for woods that we leave in the spring,
And now I have sung all that I'm going to sing.
Chorus

Song Notes:

grindstone -an essential tool in every shanty to keep the loggers' axes, knives and tools sharp and efficient

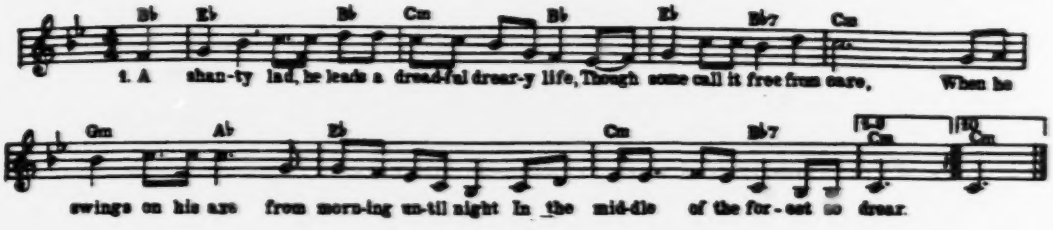
Iron -the stamping iron or branding axe with which the owner's mark was cut into the log before being shipped down the river. There were lumber rustlers, who would steal your logs, rebrand them and sell them as their own, just as there were cattle rustlers.

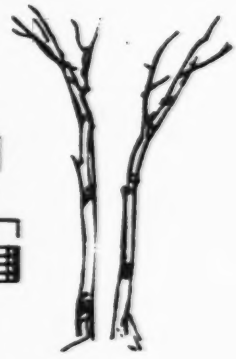
moss -Moss,along with mud, was stuffed between the chinks of the logs of the shanty to keep out the wind, cold and snow.

lice, needle - On Sundays, their one day off a week, the shantyboys would sit around the ever burning open fire in their chanty and mend their clothes and pick and destroy the lice and insects that were their constant companions throughout the winter.

Shantyman's Life

The Shantyman's Life is one of the most popular of all woodsmen's songs - it has been collected in the midwest, in New York State, in New England, and in the maritime provinces of Canada. It gives a bleak but realistic picture of the logger's life: throughout all the hardship the one thing that sustains the men, it seems, is the strength that they give to each other -- "We'll enjoy one another's hearts till death does us part...." The question may be asked: if lumbering was so hard and dangerous a job, and if it involved so many sacrifices, why did anybody bother to participate? Why didn't the men follow the resolution expressed in the final verse: "Never more will I roam, but contented, stay at home/With a pretty little smiling wife?" This is a good topic for class discussion! Students will come up with all sorts of interesting (and valid) answers.


B♭ E♭ B♭ Cm B♭ E♭ B♭7 Cm
1. A shan-ty lad, he leads a dread-ful drear-y life, Though some call it free from care, When he
Gm A♭ E♭ Cm B♭7 Cm Cm
swings on his axe from morn-ing un-til night In the mid-dle of the for-est so drear.



2 Transported I am from my own native land
Near the banks of the old Delever,
Where the wolves and the owls, with their terrifying growls,
Disturb our nightly dreams.

3 At three o'clock, there's our noisy, noisy cook,
And she shouts out bold, "Boys, it's day!"
And in broken slumbering the cold, frosty nights,
Wintry nights we pass away.

4 As soon as the daylight star does appear,
To the wild woods, boys, we must go;
Where we swing on our axe from morning until night
For the forest to lay low.

5 When springtime comes in, double hardship does begin,
For the water is piercing cold:
Our clothing soon is wringing wet,
Our hands scarce the pike poles can hold.

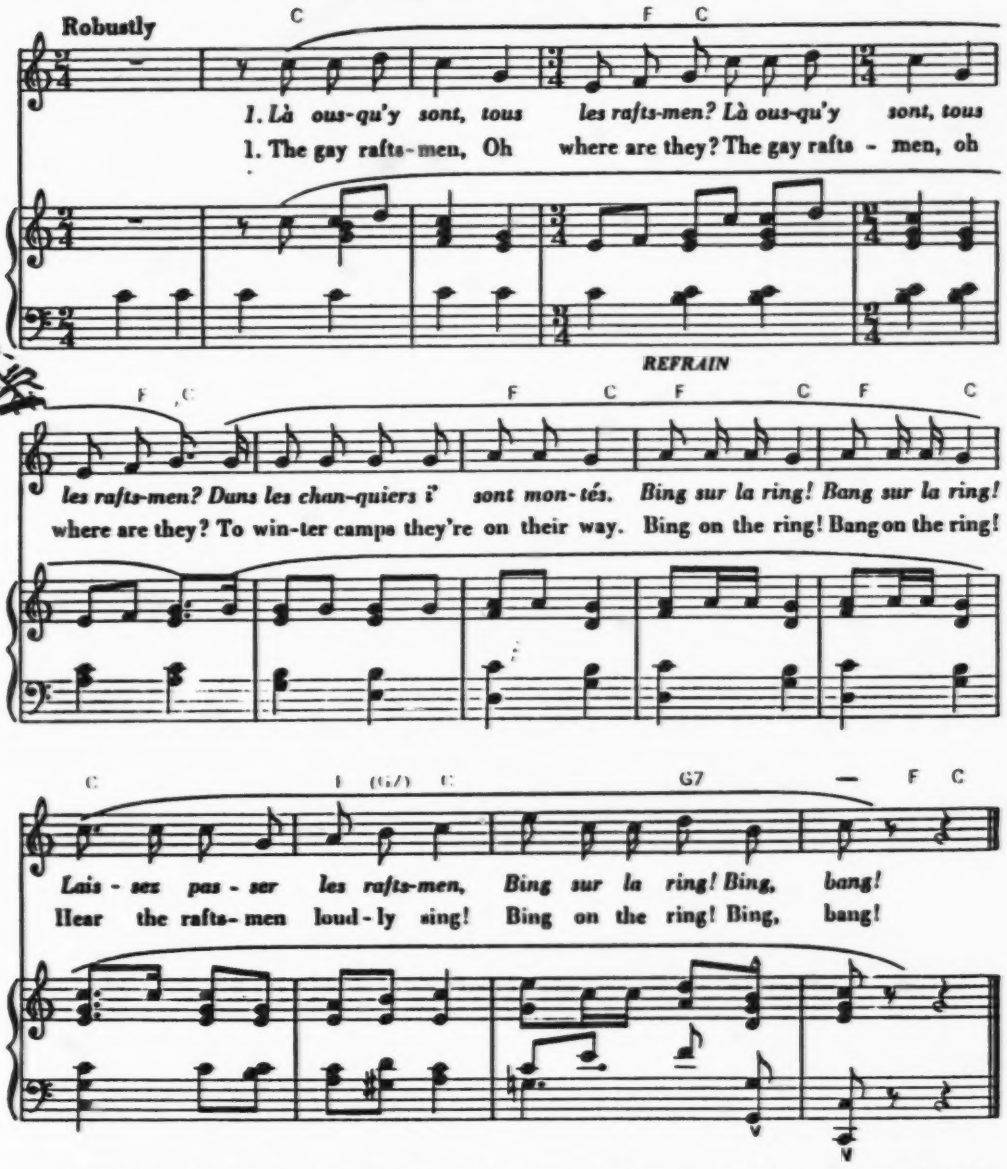
6 The rocks, breaks and jams give employment to all hands
Our well-bonded rafts for to steer,
And the rapids that we run to us are only fun
In the middle of the forest so drear.

7 Transported from the glass and the little smiling lass
And the friends that we left far behind,
There is no one comes near to wipe away a tear
Of a sorrowed and a troubled mind.

8 Had we ale, wine or beer our spirits for to cheer
While here in the woods the long while,
Had we a glass of any one while here all alone,
It would cheer up our long exile.

9 You can talk about your farms, but the shantyman has charms
That are far superior to all;
We'll enjoy one another's hearts till death does us part,
Should our riches be great or small.

10 But lumbering I'll give o'er, and I'll anchor safe on shore,
And I'll lead a different life;
Nevermore will I roam, but contented, stay at home
With a pretty little smiling wife.

Les Raftsmen

Robustly
C
F C
1. Là ous-qu'y sont, tous les rafts-men? Là ous-qu'y sont, tous
1. The gay rafts-men, Oh where are they? The gay rafts - men, oh
REFRAIN
F C
F C F C F C
les rafts-men? Dans les chan-quiers i' sont mon-tés. Bing sur la ring! Bang sur la ring!
where are they? To win-ter camps they're on their way. Bing on the ring! Bang on the ring!
C
F (G7) C
G7
F C
Lais - ses pas - ser les rafts-men, Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang!
Hear the rafts- men loud - ly sing! Bing on the ring! Bing, bang!

*This shortened version from *Come A-Singing*, for which Arthur S. Bourinot provided the translation, is adapted by Edith Fowke. Canada's Story in Song -Edith Fowke & Alan Mills

2. Across Bytown they went today, (2
They've packed their grub, they cannot stay.
3. In bark canoes they make their way;
They reach the camp and shout "Hurray!"
4. When meal time comes the men all say,
"It's pork and beans again today."
5. Their axes sharp, with no delay
They swing and strike; the tall trees sway.
6. The logs they trim and drag away
To drive down when the ice gives way.
7. In spring they draw their winter's pay
And go back home on holiday.
8. To greet them come their ladies gay
Who help them spend their hard-earned pay.

2. *Et par Bytown y sont passés, (2*
Avec leurs provisions achetées.
3. *En canots d'écorc' sont montés,*
Et du plaisir y s'sont donné.
4. *Des "porc-and-beans" ils ont mangé*
Pour les estomacs restaurer.
5. *Dans les chanquiers sont arrivés;*
Des manch's de hache ont fabriqué.
6. *Que l'Outaouais fut étonné,*
Tant faisait d'bruit leur hach' trempée.
7. *Quand le chanquier fut terminé*
Chacun chez eux sont retourné.
8. *Leurs femm's ou blond's ont embrassé,*
Tous très contents de se r'trouver.

LES RAFTSMEN

All kinds and types of men were found working in the woods. At first they were mainly English settlers from Maine and New England. In early days, the Dutch and Scandinavians added their skills to the less experienced English colonists. Indians worked in the forest too, along with large groups of seamen from coasters and fishing vessels laid up for the winter.

The Scotch-Irish and English from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island joined the pioneer loggers. Irish came from Ireland and also from western New York where they had first settled to dig the Erie Canal.

Austrians, Germans, Swiss, Balkans, Russians and Slavs joined their ranks. In the 1880's Scandinavians came into the forests in large numbers. The dominant strand up to the 1880's were Yankees, French, Irish and Scotch.

Many French-Canadians worked in the woods on both sides of the U.S.-Canada border. They were always considered first rate loggers, proud of their hairy chests showing through the unbuttoned collar of their checkered shirts. They were skilled workers and good cooks. It was said that they were "born with an axe in their hands."

In the springtime, the timber was floated down rivers to where it could be loaded on ships. If the rivers were large enough, the loggers fashioned the logs into rafts, manned by several men who guided them with long oars. The rivermen built shanties on the rafts & slept and ate on them during their 4-5 week-long trip down river.

The gayest of the French-Canadian lumbering songs tells how a group of raftsmen canoed up the Ottawa River, heading north to the woods in winter and then returned home in the spring, guiding the rafts down river to Quebec.

PETER EMBERLEY

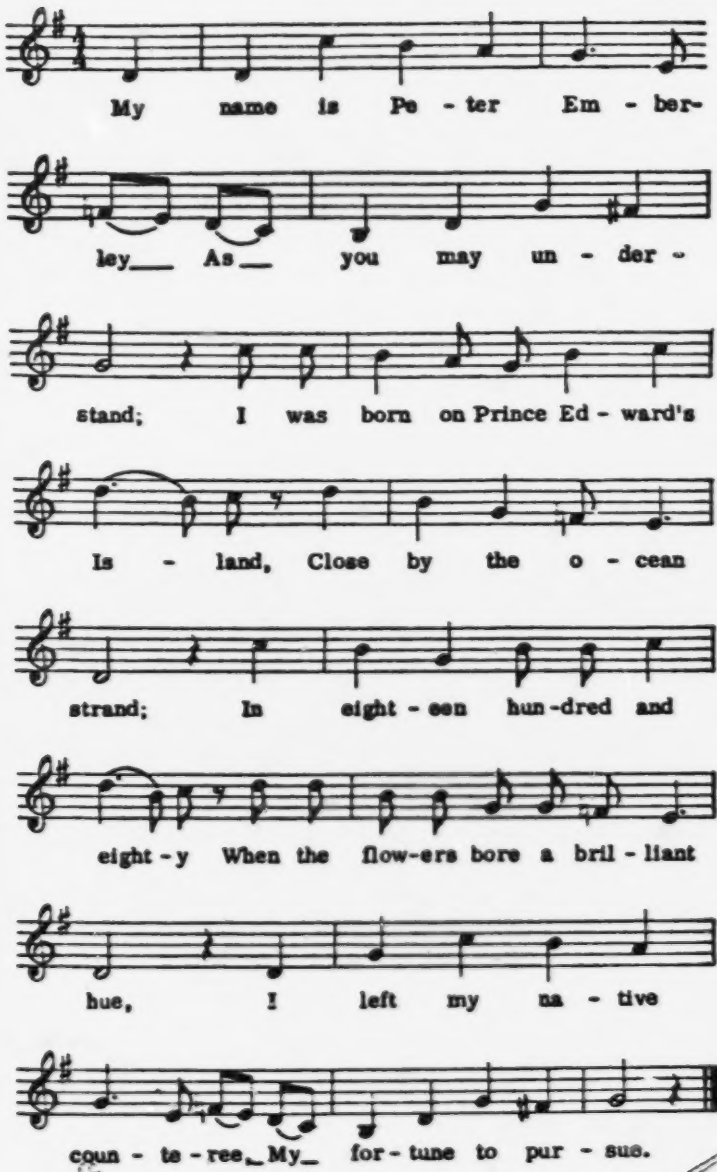
Over the years tens of thousands of woodsmen have made their contribution to the building of America by toiling in forests across this continent. The names of all but a handful of these people are now forgotten; they have vanished forever into the shadowy past. But a few of these workers have been immortalized by the power of song; their words and deeds live on to tell the story not just of one individual but of hundreds like him who experienced a similar fate.

Peter Emberley is one such song. The simplicity of its art and the power of its message have made it a favorite among lumberpeople in both Canada and the United States. At the annual folk festival at Newcastle, New Brunswick in the valley of the Miramichi River, woodsmen vie with each other for the honor of singing it.

Peter Emberley was born in 1863 at Alberton, Prince Edward Island. The ruined homestead may still be seen upon that lovely coast. In 1880, when he was a lad of 17, Peter left Alberton and found work as a lumberman in the New Brunswick woods. That same year he was fatally injured while loading logs, and was taken to Boiestown to die.

John Calhoun, Boiestown farmer and songwriter, learned the brief story of Peter's life from the young man's own lips; and he composed this ballad. For more than a century now it has kept the memory of Peter Emberley fresh among the people of New Brunswick and of Maine. There is a stone memorial in the cemetery of the Boiestown Catholic Church; the red earth of Prince Edward Island has been scattered upon the grave.

The melody is a variant of The Bonny Boy, a ballad from Great Britain that also laments a youth cut down in his prime.

Peter Emberly

My name is Pe - ter Em - ber-
ley As you may un - der -
stand; I was born on Prince Ed - ward's
Is - land, Close by the o - cean
strand; In eight - een hun - dred and
eight - y When the flow-ers bore a bril - liant
hue, I left my na - tive
coun - te - ree My for - tune to pur - sue.

I landed in New Brunswick,
That lumbering counteree,
I hired for to work in the lumber woods
On the Sou'west Miramashee;
I hired for to work in the lumber woods
Where they cut the tall spruce down
It was loading two sleds from a yard
I received my deathly wound.*

There is danger on the ocean
Where the seas roll mountain high,
There is danger on the battlefield
Where the angry bullets fly,
There is danger in the lumber woods,
And death lurks solemn there,
And I have fallen victim
Unto its monstrous snare.

Here's adieu unto my father,
It was him that drove me here.
I thought it very cruel of him,
His treatment was severe;
For it is not right to impress a boy,
Or try to keep him down,
For it oft times drives him from his home
When he is far too young.

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend,
I mean my mother dear,
Who reared a son that fell as quick
As he left her tender care;
It's little she thought not long ago,
When she sang a lullaby,
What country I might travel in,
Or what death I might die.

Here's adieu unto a younger friend,
My Island girl so true;
Long may she live to grace the soil
Where my first breath I drew;
The world will roll on just the same
As before I passed away:
What signifies a mortal man
When he lies in the clay?

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle,
That garden in the seas;
No more I'll roam its flowery banks
Or enjoy a summer's breeze;
No more I'll watch those gallant brigs
As they go sailing by,
With streamers floating in the wind
Far above their canvas high.

But now before I pass away
There is one more thing I pray,
I hope some holy father
Will bless my silent grave;
Near by the city of Boiestown
Where my mouldering bones do lie,
Awaiting for my Savior's call
On that great rising day.

John Anthony Scott,
Ballad of America

* pronounced with the old pronunciation to rhyme with down

THE SHANTYBOYS~ LETTING DAYLIGHT INTO THE SWAMP

Loggers were a mixture of not only nationalities and languages, but also of personalities and temperaments. Many would-be pinery boys were not used to the hard work and primitive living conditions. They could not stick out a winter in the camps and would soon quit. Of the remaining men, death, accident, and sickness weeded out those less hardy, alert or sure-footed. Thus by a process of natural selection, those who survived were the roughest and toughest of the lot. Their small camp, ringed by the immense forest, was a world unto itself and they lived outside the pale of civilization. They were shaped and given a common stamp by the woods and bred into a separate race apart from the farmer or the townsman.They were of a unique character and as picturesque as the cowboy.

The logger, like the cowboy and sailor, sang about the rigors of his work and life; but his gripe was not so much self-pity as it was a brag of his ability to stand the gaff. And well he might brag. At the bottom of his heart he was proud of the fact that he was "both stout and hardy and fit to stand the squall." It was part of his intense belief in himself.

There was no hardship or deprivation they could not endure. In fact, they thrived on them. They were resourceful and self-reliant. Big, powerful men, they were possessed of immense courage and endurance and had a deep respect for physical prowess. They pitted themselves against nature and loved to match themselves against the job. The shantyboys did not shirk from hard work, in fact, they gloried in it. There was much competition in camp to be the best chopper, teamster or skidder. The best crew in the camp was the one that cut and hauled the most logs. They had great spirit and worked for the honor of their camp.

Many of them were illiterate or of mediocre intelligence, rough of speech and manner, yet quite proficient in their work. They had a rough exterior, but were gentle underneath. There was little sham, pretense or hypocrisy among them. Vigorous, colorful men with their own individual methods of doing things, they were above average in honesty and loyalty to their employers. Their possessions and tools would usually be scattered around but would never be taken.

Intoxicated with their wild, free life, they feared neither man, nature or the devil. Yet very gentle and compassionate, they would nurse an injured comrade tenderly for days and nights at a time. They would drop their work and carry a sick or injured man 60 miles to a doctor in the nearest town. They were always ready to contribute to a man who had had an accident or was disabled. If a logger was killed, a collection was always taken up in camp for his family and it was rare for any man not to contribute. There was a need for this for you never knew when it might be your turn. If an old working chum came along who had been injured, the shantyboys would go up to the bookkeeper and say, "Give this man a day's pay for me."

A man was rarely called by his full name, but only by his first name. Usually shantyboys were given nicknames such as: Frenchie, Swede, Jack-Rabbit, Pigeon Toes, In general they were not talkative and did not tell much about themselves. A man was taken at his face value; his past was his business and his alone.

Most of them were unmarried. They were called shantyboys, because of the wood shanties or shacks in which they lived, a term apparently brought from Canada. Perhaps they were called boys because they were full of life and very youthful, engaging in horseplay and practical jokes. Actually they were men, not boys. Many lived to a ripe old age and worked in the woods until their 50's and even '60's. It was said of an old shantyboy that "they were immune to disease and you couldn't kill one with a poleaxe." Actually death lived in the woods and claimed many a shantyboy for his own.

The men were ruled in the forests by a foreman. To be a foreman, you had to be even tougher and a better worker than your men. You worked them hard, but you worked even harder. A foreman had to be able to get a lot out of his crew. His discipline was as absolute in the woods, as a captain's on the high seas. Upon the foreman, the success of the winter's logging depended.

One foreman went on a three week binge in town. After somehow making his way back to camp, he was in such agony that he begged for some medicine to ease his nerves and splitting headache. The cook, who was also the doctor in the woods, searched the camp and found a couple of pills left by the vet erinarian for a sick horse. He promptly gave one to the foreman. 36 hours later, the foreman woke up saying he had "never felt better in my life!" He told the cook:

> If ever you see that doctor again, tell him I want the prescription, as it is the best thing I ever had to sober up on!

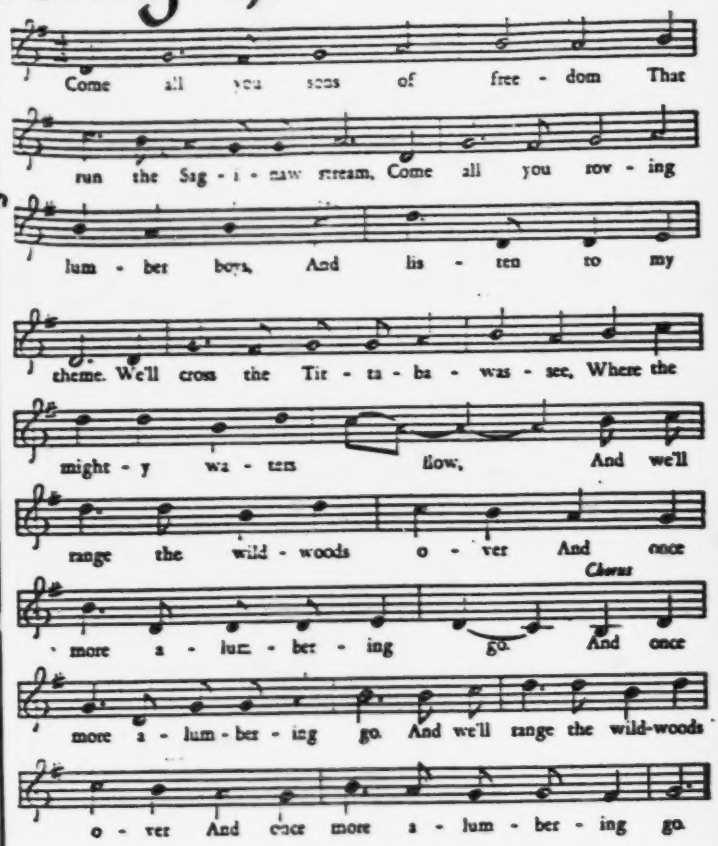
The men worked in the woods in winter, often when the temperature was down to 32 degrees below freezing, not uncommon in the northern woods. They wore heavy black, grey or red full-length woolen underwear. Their dark woolen pants were often stagged or cut off at the knees. Big checkered, brightly colored, coarse wool shirts were always worn out of the trousers in the winter.

> ..It was half an inch thick and so scratchy that the ordinary human being began to itch all over the minute he got into the same room with it.

Heavy, colorful mackinaws, not too long, so they would not be binding and wool or stocking hats completed the shantyboy's outfit, along with heavy woolen mittens. They wore bright colors so that they could see each other in the underbrush and warn of any danger.

A shantyboy's feet were very important to him and he took good care of them. Often they wore three or four pairs of long woolen socks with a pair of moccasins over them. Some men preferred moccasins to leather boots as they gave their feet more freedom, rendering them less likely to freeze.

Once More A-Lumbering Go

This song also goes under the title, The Logger's Boast. It is very similar to a song sung in Maine and was probably brought to the Lake States by the Maine loggers. Here the shantyboy compares his free life to the farmer's. He boasts of his strength skill and stamina in staying out in the woods all winter, cutting down the pines. Yet, in the last verse,he dreams of the time when he will be too old to work in the woods and will settle down with a wife on a little farm and live in comfort. The Titta-bawassee is a river in Michigan that flows into the Saginaw River. This version is from Earl Clifton Beck's Lore of the Lumber Camp.

Come all you sons of free - dom That
run the Sag - i - naw stream, Come all you rov - ing
lum - ber boys, And lis - ten to my
theme. We'll cross the Tit - ta - ba - was - see, Where the
might - y wa - ters flow, And we'll
range the wild - woods o - ver And once
Chorus
more a - lum - ber - ing go. And once
more a - lum - ber - ing go. And we'll range the wild-woods
o - ver And once more a - lum - ber - ing go.

1) Come all you sons of freedom that
run the Saginaw stream,
Come all you roving lumber boys
and listen to my theme,
We'll cross the Tittabawassee,
where the mighty rivers flow,
And we'll range the wildwoods over
and once more a-lumbering go.

Chorus:
And once more a-lumbering go,
And we'll range the wildwoods over
and once more a-lumbering go.

2) When the white frost takes the valley and the snow conceals the woods,
Each farmer has enough to do to earn the family food.
With the week no better pastime than to hunt the buck and doe,
And we'll range the wildwoods over and once more a-lumbering go.

Chorus:
And once more a-lumbering go
(Repeat last line of each verse)

3) You may talk about your farms, your houses and fine ways,
And pity us poor shanty boys while dashing in our sleighs;
While round a good campfire at night we'll sing while the wild winds blow,
And we'll range the wildwoods over and once more a-lumbering go.

4) With our axes on our shoulders we'll make the woods resound,
And many a tall and stately tree will come tumbling to the ground.
With our axes on our shoulders, to our boot tops deep in snow,
And we'll range the wildwoods over and once more a-lumbering go.

5) When navigation opens and the waters run so free,
We'll drive our logs to Saginaw, then haste our girls to see.
They will welcome our return, and we'll in rapture flow;
And we'll stay with them through summer and once more a-lumbering go.

6) When our youthful days are ended, and our jokes are getting long,
We'll take us each a little wife and settle on a farm.
We'll have enough to eat and drink, contented we will go;
And we'll tell our wives of our hard times, and no more a-lumbering go.

THE SHANTYBOYS~

The men lived in a wood shanty built of logs, with one small window in it, or even none, for the men did not need windows being in the woods before sunup and returning when dark. Indoor plumbing did notexist and the men used crude outhouses that were cold and far away behind the shanty. The men washed up in cold water and no shantyboy took a bath all winter long.

In the middle of the shanty was a large fireplace, about eight feet square, open on all sides. The fire burned night and day and here the cook prepared his meals and the shantyboys used its light to read and see by and to repair their tools. EArly beds were built on the floor. The men used spruce, cedar or pine boughs for a mattress.Grey heavy blankets of coarse cotton and wool were sewed together and all the men slept under a common blanket. They usually slept in their clothes just taking off their outer garments. If 5 or 6 men were in a bunk all had to lie the same way. If a man wanted to turn over, he called out "spoon" and they all would have to turn over at the same time.

At the foot of their bunks was a large split spruce log, supported by forked sticks, a rude backless bench known as the Deacon's Seat. It was the center of the men's recreation and relaxation. It was used for writing and smoking, carpentry and repairs, shoe mending and sewing. Life revolved around this plain slab. No one knows where its name came from. It had nothing to do with Deacons or deacons with it.

The cook was one of the most important persons in the camp and could make or break a camp. His responsibility was to provide good food in sufficient quantities and to have meals on time. A good cook was worth any salary, for a camp with a poor cook was liable to have two crews - one-a-going and one a-coming. The cook was the King Bee and ruled his roost and even the foreman didn't dare to interfere.

Fare was monotonous and coarse though generous. The principal items were bread, salt pork, dried fish, beans and tea. Fresh vegetables and fruits, butter and milk were unknown. A cheap molasses called blackstrap was used for sweetening. Many of the men had a sweet tooth and the cook made flapjacks for breakfast and pies and bisquits for supper. The tea was strong enough to float an axe and the men drank it by the gallon.

The men consumed great quantities of food and they thrived on their primitive diet. The cook and his assistant, the cookee, got up at 3AM to begin preparing breakfast. To awaken the men in the morning, the cookee blew on the dinner horn, or rang acowbell. Sometimes he would call out, "Roll out! Tumble out! Anyway to get out!"

The men ate rapidly and they looked neither to the left nor the right. It was bad manners to talk during a meal. The cook could and would slap a man down if he raised his voice in conversation. As soon as they had finished, a man rose up and departed for his work.

A cook's reputation was made by his beans. They were a main dish, eaten three times a day, seven days a week. An onion was placed in the bottom of the pot and then the beans which had been soaked for 24 hours. Slices of fat pork were laid on top and molasses poured over it all. The sealed pot was put into the beanhole dug in the fireplace floor, covered with earth and a fire built on top of it. Left there for 24 hours, the beans were cooked to perfection.

Shantyboys were paid about $20 to $40 per month, plus their room and board. The foreman got anywheres from $50 to $100 a month.

The men worked from October or November until March. But no matter what he was paid or how hard he worked, the average logger was lucky if he could show more than $50 clear at the end of the season. Almost everywhere, shantyboys were not paid until the end of the winter. Even then, they were not paid in cash but in script that was cashable the following spring when the logs had arrived down stream at the mills. During the winter the shantyboy had no choice, if he needed any clothes or tools, but to buy on credit at the wranagin or camp storechest, just like the whaler had to buy at the slop chest aboard his whaler.

The pinery boys earned their money through sweat, skill and hard work. Yet, like the cowboy, sailor and soldier, they spent it recklessly. It had little value to them except to go upon a spree at the end of the winter. Thus they were chained to the woods by the fact that they spent their money freely and were peniless in the fall. They would leave the woods with good resolutions: to save their money, send it home, bank it, settle down and avoid all dissipation. But cooped up in the woods for five months, without drink or women, when they finally did hit civilization, they could not resist the temptations spread before them. They were preyed upon by pimps, whores, barkeepers, confidence men and their confederates.

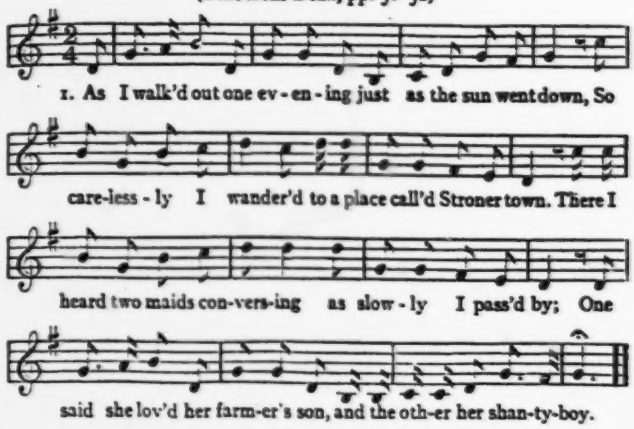
The winter's wage is quickly gone.
A new suit of clothes, a dice game over
the bar, a glad reunion with old friends,
an exuberance of genorousity, a solid week
of reckless gaiety!

Winter Quarters of Lumbermen
Drawn by Rev. F. W. Hedge, Bangor, 184-
From J. S. Springer, *Forest Life and Forest Trees*, 1851, opp. p. 68

Shantyboy and the Farmer's Son

Although the song might indicate otherwise, there was actually little rivalry between the lumberman and the farmer. While the shantyboy enjoyed his free and carefree life and might look down upon the quieter, more cautious "mossback" (farmer), he was envious of the latter's security. Most shantyboys hoped to amass enough of a stake in the woods to buy their own farm. Then they would settle down once they had sowed their wild oats in the lumber towns. The form of the song, that of a debate, is very popular in the folksongs of Great Britain. This song may be based upon an English song, My Sailor Boy, which drew a similar comparison between a farmer's son and a sailor. Usually the name of the town in the song varies with the singer. The tune is from Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy by Franz Rickaby. Words are a composite from many versions.

Sung by Mr. M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minnesota
(Text from Dean, pp. 51–52)


1. As I walk'd out one ev - en - ing just as the sun went down, So
care-less - ly I wander'd to a place call'd Stroner town. There I
heard two maids con-vers-ing as slow - ly I pass'd by; One
said she lov'd her farm-er's son, and the oth-er her shan-ty-boy.

As I walked out one evening, just as the sun went down,
So carelessly I wandered to a place called Stroner town.
There I heard two maids conversing as slowly I pass'd by:
One said she lov'd her farmer's son, and the other her shantyboy.

Now the one that loved her farmer's son, these words I heard her say,
The reason why she loved him was at home with her he'd stay.
He would stay at home all winter, to the woods he would not go,
And when the spring it did come in, his land he'd plow and sow.

"Now as for plowing and sowing your land," the other one did say,
"If his crops should prove a failure, and the grain market be low;
If his crops should prove a failure, his debts he could notpay,
The sherriff he would sell you out to pay the debts you owe."

"Now there's no need for getting in debt, when you own a good farm,
For every day you earn your bread, not work through storm or rain;
And the sherriff will not sell you out, you need not be alarmed,
While the shantyboy works hard all day his family to maintain."

"Now I don't like this soft talk, those mossback sons do say,
For some of them they are so green, the cows eat them for hay;
Tis plainly you can tell them when they come into town,
Small boys will run up to them, saying, "Mossback, are ye down?"

"That's the reason I praise my shantyboy, he goes out early in the fall,
He is both stout and hearty, and he's fit to stand the squall;
It's with pleasure I'll receive him in the spring when he comes down,
And his money quite free he'll spend on me while your farmer's sons have none."

"Well, here is to your shantyboy, I hope you'll pardon me,
And of my ignorant mossback, I'll try now and get free;
And if ever I get my liberty, with a shantyboy I'll go,
And I'll leave that ignorant mossback with his land to plow and sow."

WILD COLONIAL BOY

The Wild Colonial Boy was a favorite song both of American cowboys and lumberman - especially if they were of Irish origin. We may think of it essentially as a freedom song; it celebrates the life of men who preferred liberty and death to slavery.

During the early 19th century, the British Crown sentenced ablebodied Irish and English men and women for small offences, or for no offences at all, to deportation to Australia. The alloted term was from 7 to 14 years -- this was literally a term of slavery on the penal settlements and plantations of the far-away colony.

"The first day that we landed
upon that fatal shore," as
one song goes,

"The planters came around us,
there might be twenty score.

They ranked us off as horses
and they sold us out of hand,

And they yoked us to the plough,
brave boys, to plough Van Die-
man's Land."

These convicts worked literally in chains.

"For night andday the irons
clang,"

another song tells us,

"And, like poor galley slaves,
We toil and moil and when we
die
We fill dishonoured graves.
But by and by I'll break my
chains
Into the bush I'll go;
And join the brave*bushran-
gers there -
Jack Donahue and Co."

*bushrangers; highwaymen

Jack Donahoe was a convict whose life and death was known to people throughout Australia by an Irish-Australian song, "The Wild Colonial Boy." Donahoe was transported from Ireland in 1825; two years later he fled to the bush rather than endure the living death of convict slavery. For three years he lived as a bushranger, or 'bad-man' until hunted down and killed in 1830.

The original song, filled with hatred of wealthy farmers and contempt for cruel judges, was soon outlawed by the colonial Establishment, and the singing of The Wild Colonial Boy was banned in all licensed public-houses. The song, in a somewhat modified form, found its way to the United States -- it may have reached this country with Australian immigrants who came to pan for gold in California in 1850.

After the Civil War it had become not only the most popular of Australian songs, but one of the best-loved American songs as well. The Irish, indeed, sung "The Wild Colonial Boy" on three continents -- in Ireland itself, in Australia and in the U.S. Wherever Irish-Americans wiedled their ax, you were sure to hear it.

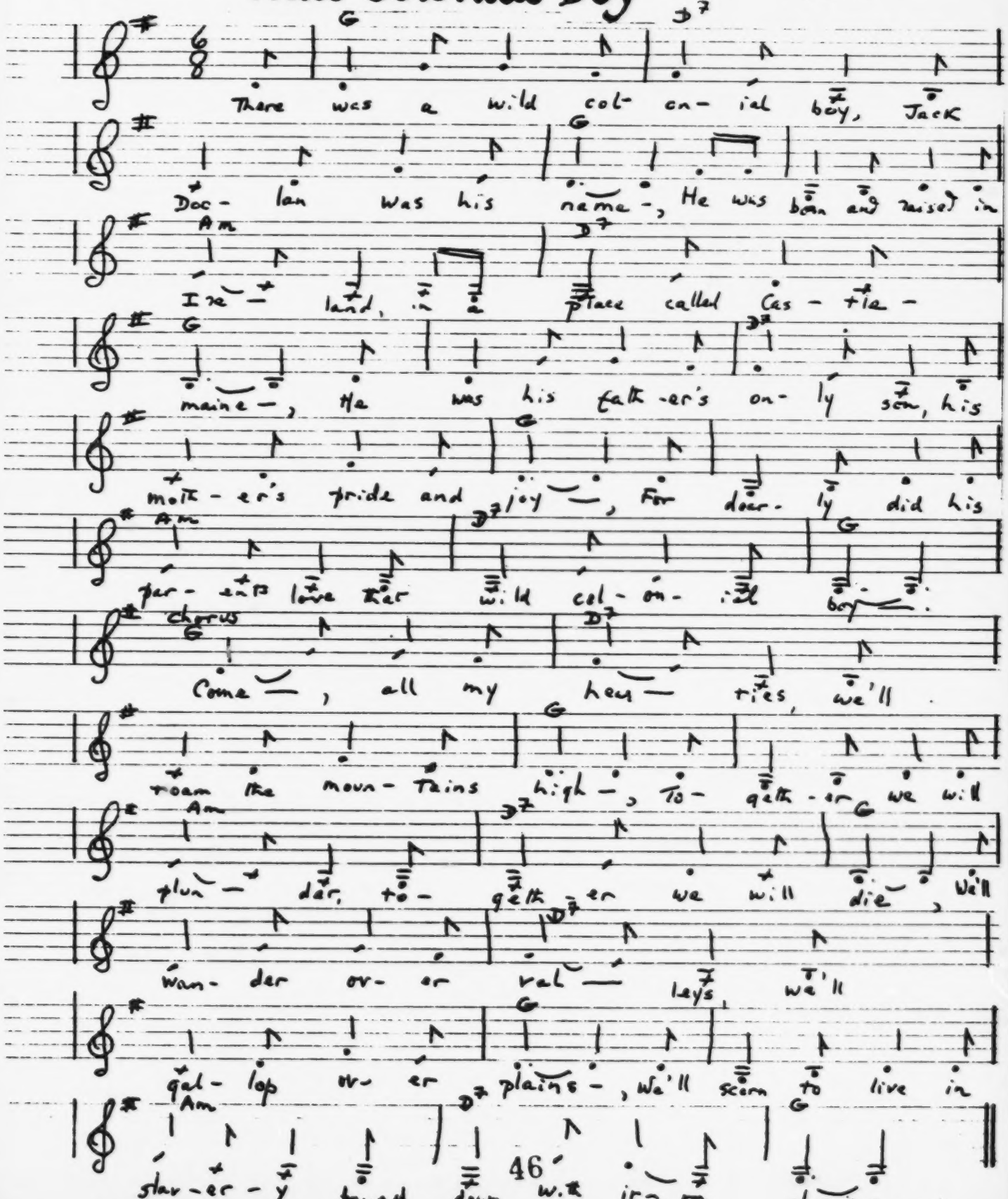
John Henry Reider gives a fine rendering of this song on his record Risin' of the Moon, obtainable from Mr. Reider at Rt. 12 Box 330 E
Indianapolis, IN 46236

BOOK AND CASETTE REVIEWS

Though a bit outside the scope of our newsletter, Teaching The Pleasures Of Reading by Elizabeth Rowell and Thomas Goodkind, is an exciting book for all teachers. Rather than just talking about drilling for basic reading, this husband and wife team of expereinced educators, stress alternate approaches and many ways to reach students through joyful pursuits in learning. The book offers imaginative, sensitive, appealing activities which involve the students in the learning process. In short, it emphasizes that teaching reading skills can be fun and that children can learn to enjoy reading at the same time, rather than hating it. It has five chapters on activities in Humor, Television, Art, the Outdoors and of course, Music. Published by Prentice-Hall in 1982, it has innovative ideas for all grade levels.

Through casettes of both spoken words and folksongs, children can enjoy the richness and variety of our cultural heritage. Send away for their catalogue and make yourown selection. One tape, for only $3.25, is a super-sampler which acquaints you with each one of their six artists. The other tapes are only $5 each, plus 75¢ shipping cost. Available through A Gentle Wind: Songs and Stories for Children Box 3103 Albany, New York 12203

Wild Colonial Boy

G major.
[guitar: capo to A, B♭]

There was a wild col- on- ial boy, Jack
Doc- lan was his name-, He was born and raised in
Ire- land, in a place called Cas- tle-
maine-, He was his fath-er's on- ly son, his
moth- er's pride and joy—, For dear- ly did his
par- ents love her wild col- on- ial boy—.
Chorus
Come—, all my hen— tries, we'll
roam the moun- tains high-, To- geth- er we will
plun— der, to- geth- er we will die—, We'll
wan- der ov- er val— leys, we'll
gal- lop ov- er plains-, We'll scorn to live in
star- er- y bound down with iron chains.

The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild Colonial Boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine,
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
For dearly did his parents love this wild Colonial boy.

chorus Come all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die,
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop over plains,
We'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

At scarcely sixteen years of age he left his father's home
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam,
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McEvoy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild Colonial boy.

chorus

One day on the prairie, as Jack he rode along,
A-listening to the mocking bird a-singing a cheerful song,
Three mounted troopers they came by, Kelly Davis and Fitzroy,
Resolved that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy.

chorus

"Surrender now Jack Doolan, for you see there's three to one,
Surrender now Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman."
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high:
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said the wild Colonial boy.

chorus

He fired a shot at Kelly and brought him to the ground,
And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound,
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him, the wild Colonial boy.

MAGNIFICENT FILMSTRIP OF THE SHANTYBOYS --UNBELIEVEABLE HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS
narration with folk song accompaniment

Available from: Hawkhill Associates, Inc. 125 E. Gilman St. Madison, WI 53703

THE ROMANCE OF THE LUMBERJACK

"The great American woods! Six hundred billion board feet of lumber in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota--the Comstock lode of silver, the gold of California, the iron of the huge Mesabi Range, the oil of Texas--were not so valuable as the white pine of the great American woods!"

And this sound-filmstrip of Robert Gard, using previously unpublished photographs from the collection of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and authentic Lumberjack songs and singers, exposes the romance and the reality of how that woods was "harvested."

Use this one in work on such topics as: work and career awareness, history of U.S., romance and reality in the past, environment and ecology, lumbering itself.

*"Come all you jolly fellows, come listen to my song;
It's all about the pinery boys, and how they get along.
They're the jolliest lot of fellows, so merrily and fine;
They will spend their pleasant winter months in cutting down the pine."*

Teamsters and Their Animals

Oxen were the main animals used in both the Maine and Lake State woods up through the 1860's. Oxen demanded time and attention from the teamsters. The good teamster took better care of his oxen than he did of himself. Teamsters got up early, about 4A.M., fed, cleaned and harnessed his team in preparation for the daily work. The last thing they did at night, just before they retired, was to take care of their oxen and make sure that they were comfortably bedded down. To train a team of 6 oxen took 2 months and great patience. The teamster was an expert at his job and did wonderful things with his team.

Hitched to a sled full of logs, oxen were urged on by a goad stick, about 4 feet long and ¼ inch thick, which the teamster dug into their rumps. This, along with a volley of encouragement and abuse, moved the lethargic beasts along.

...."Haw, Bright!" "Gee, Duke!" Whoop; What ye 'bout there, you lazy-.""If I come there, I'll tan your old hides for you!" "Haw! You back! There! You, Mormon!" bellowed the driver. Knowing him not half in earnest, slowly, reluctantly, as though each foot was glued to the ground, the bulls began to move. They seemed to take the greatly superior enjoyment of absolutely phelgmatic beings in the presence of absurb excitability. Without haste and with an infinite number of pauses, the team was prodded,sworn and cajoled into position...

The oxen, heads hung low, swaying from side to side, the hanging skins of their throats swaying back and forth, The driver darts from one to the other -- prodding them with his round, blunt goad, keeping them going....

Oxen were commonly called by a few favorite names: Birht and Star, Brown and Duke, Blackie and other similar nicknames. The teamsters developed great affection for their oxen.

TEamsters received higher pay than the other workers in the woods, as high as the cook, but they earned it. Theirs was a dangerous and demanding job. A teamster drove thousands of feet of logs in a single load with 4, 6 or even 8 oxen over iced roads as slick as glass. One accident and he was gone forever.

After the Civil War, as roads and sleds grew bigger and heavier, oxen were replaced by horses. With better facilities, the horse's speed could be used to better advantages. Oxen, steady and dependable, kept their places on the skidways. Teams of 4 to 6 horses took the oxen's places on the iced roads. The teamsters decorated their team's harness with squirrel tails, pennants and showy ivory rings.

From the skidways, the logs were hauled by sleds along the roads to the river landing. The roads were kept iced by road monkeys who every night drove a sprinkle sled over them. This sprayed water on the roads which froze. In the morning they would be a perfect sheet of ice over which the oxen or horses were able to move a sled containing a mountain of logs.

The teamster and his team faced great danger going down hills. These were kept bare of ice and snow and hay and dirt were thrown on the surface by the hayman. This acted as a brake on the sled runners. If the hill was very steep, a snubber was used. This was a thick rope or chain wound around a stump and paid out slowly, holding back the sled and keeping it from crushing the driver and his team.

LITTLE BROWN BULLS

In the days of the ox team, if the rope or chain broke, it was certain death for the oxen, though the teamster might escape being on foot. With horses, the driver and his team had a chance, though a slim one.

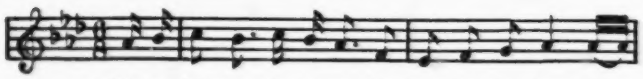
> .....The driver standing atop his load, yells to his horses and sends his whip stinging about their heads. The horses, sensing their danger, throw themselves forward - they are in a race with death down the hillside. The driver sticks to hispost as long as he can, doing his best to guide his steeds. He can always jump safely into the snow, but the horses must outrun the load or be crushed.
>
> The huge load of logs goes swaying after them. All the frightened animals can do is stay on their feet and run. Sometimes the swaying breaks the big chain which holds logs to sleigh and they go shooting out over the heads of the horses, perhaps catching the teamster and crushing him into a shapeless mass.

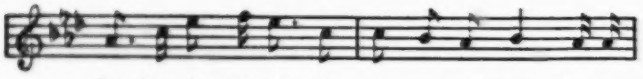
The teamster's load had to be perfectly balanced. If he overloads his sled, the momentum of the heavy load piled it into his team, killing or injuring them. This was known as "sluicing a team," and was a very serious fault. It hung over a teamster and caused him a loss of face and respect and often, his job.

TEamsters swore by their teams, their strength and ability to haul large loads. Extraordinarily keen rivalry existed between drivers. Teamsters frequently competed to see who could haul themost logs, the biggest load or set a new camp record. These contests were as important to the shantyboys as football games are today. A contest between two champions would be discussed and argued about for weeks and the whole camp would be in a state of excitement over the outcome. These contests were run with strict rules and timing and they were judged by the foreman and the scaler, the man who measured the logs for footage.

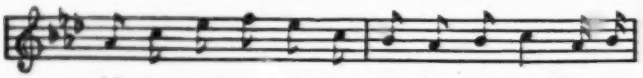
The great pride the men took in their work and ability shows in this next ballad. Supremacy among men and animals was measured in terms of ability to do work, to stand physical exertion. To work hard was accepted as a common necessity of being a shantyboy or teamster. A contest was inevitable when such combinations as McCluskey with hig big spotted steers and Gordon with his little brown bulls, came together.

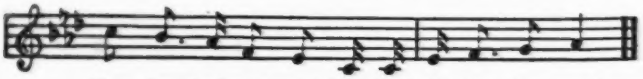
This song, The Little Brown Bulls, was very popular in the woods and was composed In Wisconsin. It tells the true story of a contest waged in NW Wisconsin in 1872 or 1873 between two teams to see which one could haul morelogs out of the woods to the river bank in a given period of time. McCluskey was obviously sure of victory for he tore up his best mackinaw to make a championship belt in the manner of the prize ring of the day.

Little Brown Bulls

1. Not a thing on the riv-er Mc-Clus-ky did fear When



he drew the stick o'er the big spot-ted steers. They were



quick, young and sound, girt-ing eight foot and three. Says Mc-

Clus - ky, the Scotchman, "They're the laddies for me."

2 The next came bold Gordon, whose skidding was full;
He would bet two to one on his little brown bulls;
They were short, thick and soggy, girt six foot and nine;
"Not fit," said McCluskey, "to handle our pine!"

3 Oh, three to the thousand our contract did call,
Our skidding was good and our lumber was tall;
McCluskey he swore to do the day full,
He'd skid two to one, beat the little brown bulls.

4 "Oh, no," said bold Gordon, "that trick you can't do,
Though I very well know you've the pets of the crew;
But mind you, my boy, you'll do the day full,
If you skid a log more than the little brown bulls."

5 A day was appointed and soon did draw nigh,
With twenty-five dollars their fortunes to try;
All eager and anxious next morning was found,
While judges and scalers appeared on the ground.

6 The first came McCluskey, with a whoop and a roar,
And his big, speckled steers with a cud in their jaw;
"It's chewing your cud, boys, and keep your jaw full,
And we'll easily beat them, the little brown bulls."

Log Hauling—Process of Loading Logs Drawn by Rev. F. W. Hedge, Bangor, 184-
From J. S. Springer, *Forest Life and Forest Trees*, 1851, opp. p. 94

7 The next came bold Gordon, a pipe in his jaw,
And the little brown bulls with a cud in their maw;
But little we thought, as we saw them come down,
A hundred and forty they would swing around.

8 Said McCluskey to Sandy, "Now strip to the skin,
We'll dig them a hole and we'll shove 'em therein;
We'll teach the damned Yankee to fear the brave Scot,
We'll mix them a dose, boy, and they'll get it hot."

9 Says Gordon to Griffin, with blood in his eye,
"This day we will conquer McCluskey or die."
Says Kennebec John, "My boy, never fear;
You ne'er shall be beat by the big speckled steers."

10 The sun it went down and our foreman did say:
"Come in, lads, come in, it's enough for the day;
We've counted and scaled for each man and his team,
And we very well know just which one tips the beam."

11 When supper was over, McCluskey appears
With a belt ready made for his big speckled steers;
He meant to conduct it according to law,
So he went and tore up his new mackinaw.

12 "Hold on," said our scaler, "hold on for a while,
For your big speckled steers are behind just a mile;
You've skidded a hundred and ten and no more,
While Gordon has beat you full ten and a score."

13 Then the shanty did ring and McCluskey did swear,
By the handfuls he tore out his long yellow hair;
He stepped up to Gordon, "The colors we'll pull,"
Saying, "Here, take the belt for your little brown bulls."

14 Here's a health to bold Gordon and Kennebec John,
For the best day's work on the river ever done.
So fill up your glasses and fill 'em up full,
And we'll all drink our health for *The Little Brown Bulls.*

Song Notes:
When he drew the stick - the goad to make oxen move
On skidding was full - he thought he was good at it
Kennebec John - obviously a state of Maine man. He was Gordon's helper chainer, helped him load the logs on his sled.
Mackinaw - a heavy woolen jacket, usually a brilliant plaid
girding 8 foot and 3 (inches) - a team animal's width around the waist
Three to the thousand - "pretty big trees, of which you'd only need 3 to make 1,000 feet of lumber

The idea of defeat was evidently foreign to McCluskey, the Scotchman, possibly a Canadian, for he had torn up his prize mackinaw to make a championship belt in the manner of the prize fight ring of the day. McCluskey, of course, did not know Gordon's score, as the two probably had not worked in sight of each other. The scaler was the only person, with the possible exception of the foreman, in actual possession of the tally. Gordon won the skidding contest by ten and a score, 30 logs. To skid 110 big logs in a day was unbelieveable and Bull Gordon's 140 logs must have been unimaginable to McCluskey.

*Melody and first verse is from Franz Rickaby's Ballads & Songs of the Shanty-Boy
The other verses are from Maine Woods Songster edited by Phillip Barry

Cutting Down The Pine - -

TIMBER-R-R-R-R!

Their main tool was the axe. When a shantyboy got hold of a really good axe, he guarded it jealously and would even sleep with it. He kept it so sharp he could shave with it, for he knew dull tools were dangerous.

As soon as there was a faint streak of dawn, the men got to work and before long the sharp ring of the axe and the crash of falling trees rang through the air. In general the men worked in silence with little conversation except for the shouting and cursing of the teamsters.

The swampers prepared and made the roads, cutting away the brush, roots and all obstructions. They also cleared the cutting ground of brush, making an open space for the cut trees to fall upon.

Fellers or choppers performed wonders with their axes. A chopper had to make the trees fall exactly where he wanted them so the teamster could haul them away easily. If a tree fell incorrectly, it might lodge onto a nearby tree or strike the ground and break in two. A good chopper could select the point of fall and make the tree drive a peg into the ground with its crown.

The falling of a mighty tree was a drama all its own:

> No message of its coming fall had reached the far top, now that the body of the tree is nearly severed; the branches stir less than at the first blows of the axe. The fir stands beautifully erect...There is an irresistible sense of excitement; even those men to whom it is such an old story feel it. The brooding silence of the forest is absolute...
>
> A loud sonorous chant rings through the stillness: "All clear ahead! Timber!"
>
> ...There is a slight creaking, the logger flings the mallet aside and rushes backward, the cleft widens, the great green head stirs; then, with a rushing, thundering roar, mingled with the sound of the rending fibres of the trunk, the giant tears its mighty arc through the air. A cloud of blackness envelopes the fall; the air is dark with moss and dust and flying fragments. The roar is superb as the tree crashes on its way through the underbrush, louder than cannon, but with no harshness; more like some mighty breaker that has climbed ten thousand miles of sea to beat its heart out on a lonely shore.
>
> Before the air has cleared, and while the neighboring trees still oscillated violently, we mounted the springboard to look at the stump. The pitch was pumping from a slight gap as blood from a wound, and we could see that the tree in falling had leaped forward a clear twenty feet from the bole...

MICHIGAN-I-O!

This ballad and its several offsprings are fascinating examples of adaptation in oral tradition. It shows how a song evolves, grows and changes as it is handed on.

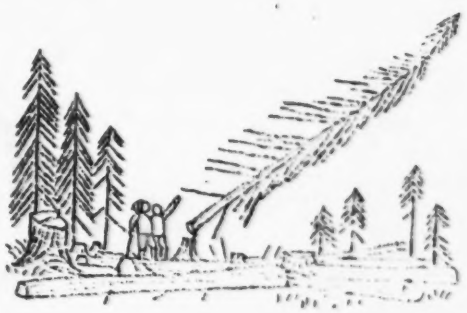
This song originated in Maine. It told of the horro's of life for lumbermen recruited for a winter's work in Canada(Canada-I-O). This in turn was derived from an old love song, Calaedonia first printed in 1800. "Canada-I-O" followed the timber west and in Pennsylvania became "Colley's Run-I-O" and in the Lake States, "Michigan-I-O". This time it told of Canadian workers rounded upand carried off into the wilds of the United States to work. Finally it was taken west to the prairies where it became one of the great cowboy and western songs, "The Buffalo Skinners."

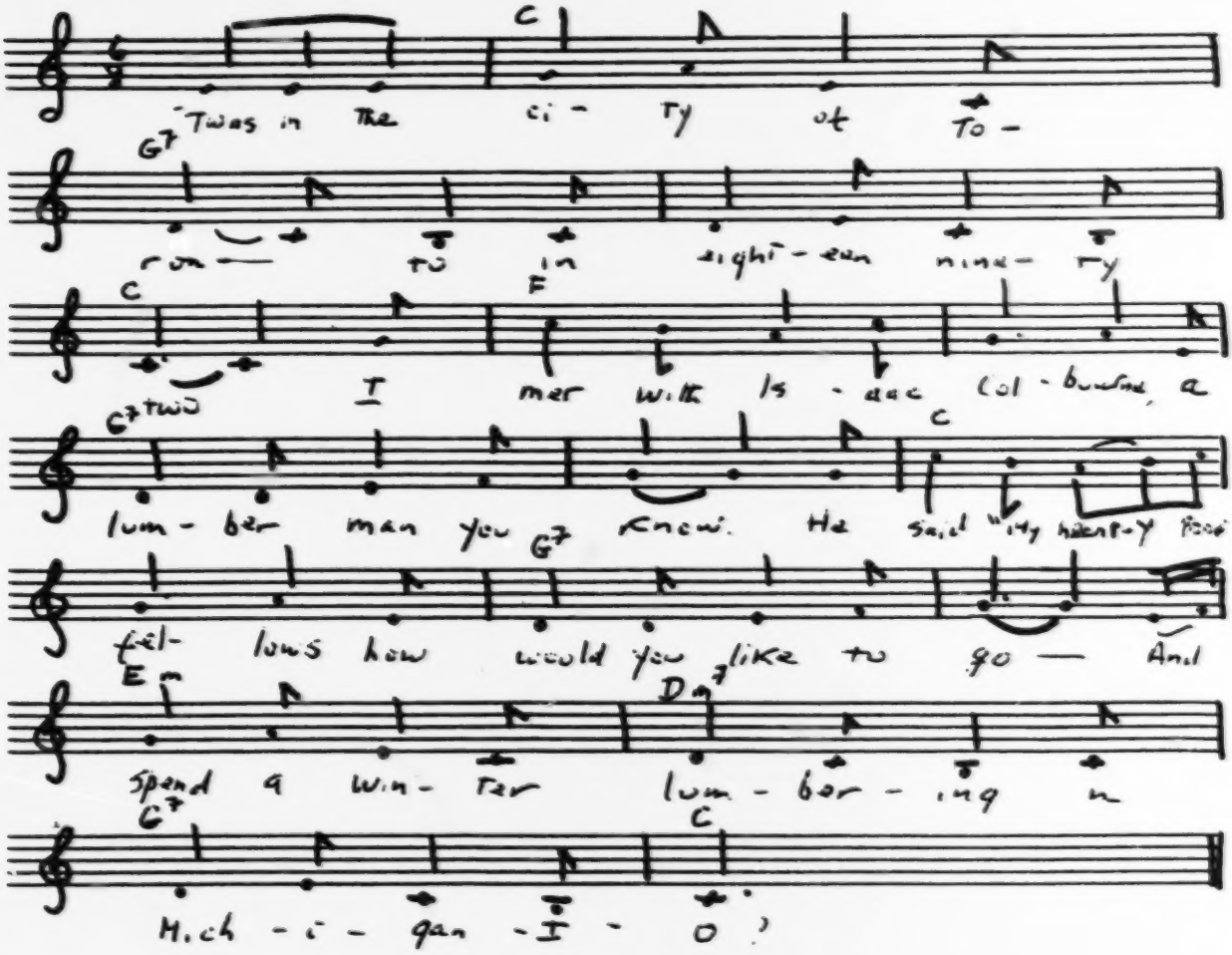
Men were gathered together and sent off for work in faraway woods through the techniques of the labor contract or indenture. The boss undertook to pay thecost of passage to and from the job, and also to provide 'good wages.' The lumberman bound himself in return to stay in the woods for a stipulated period (from winter through spring) and to work there as directed. The hours, in practice, were six days a week in fair weather or foul, from dawn til dusk.

Workers under these contract conditions were not free to quit the job however much they might wish to. A quitter would notonly forfeit his wages - paid at the end of the season - but would also have to pay his own way home. The Maine version of the song gives this condition:

"Yes, we will pay good wages and will pay your passage out,
Provided you sign papers that you will stay the route.
But if you do get homesick and swear that home you'll go,
We never can your passage pay from Canada-I-O."

When reckoning day came the boss deducted the cost of food and shelter from the wages owed. Home once more, the lumbermen 'blew' what was left of his hard-earned money on wine, women and song. Soon, as poor as when he started, he would be heading off to the woods again.



Michigan-I-O

'Twas in the ci - ty of To -
ron - to in eight - een nine - ty
I met with Isaac Colbourne, a lum - ber man you knew. He said "My hearty fellows how would you like to go — And
spend a win - ter lum - ber - ing in
Mich - i - gan - I - O!

'Twas in the city of Toronto in eighteen ninety-two
I met with Isaac Colbourne, a lumberman you know.
He said, "My hearty good fellows, how would you like to go
And spend a winter lumbering in Michigan-I-O?"

[To him I quickly made reply and unto him did say:]
"Me going out to Michigan depends on what you pay.
Oh, if you'll pay good wages and pay our passage out [to and fro],
Perhaps I'll go along with you to Michigan-I-O."

'Twas on those conditions he 'listed quite a train,
Full thirty-five or forty, all able-bodied men.
Our passage being pleasant on the way we had to go
Till we arrived in Saginaw in Michigan-I-O.

Oh, now our voyage is over, and hardships they've begun,
When Gunther our right agent came boldly rolling in.
He led us to a wilderness, a place we did not know—
'Twas on St. Louis' railroad, in Michigan-I-O.

The hardships that we saw that winter would break the heart of man.
To give a full description I'll do the best I can.
Our food the dogs would bark at, and our beds lie on the snow—
My God, there was no bigger hell than Michigan-I-O!

So now the winter's over, and hardships they're all done,
And in this curséd country no longer we'll be found.
When I get back to Canada I'll tell others not to go
To that God-forsaken country called Michigan-I-O.

Edith Fowke, Lumbering Songs from the Northern Woods.

THE WHITE WATER MEN

IN the spring, the logs had to be driven down to the mills, in order for the men to be paid. Logs left on the rollways at the landings were subject to damage from fire, worms and timber-borers. Logs left in the woods for two years were all butruined.

The drive began in the spring as soon as the ice in the rivers melted and the streams were high enough to float the logs.Once a drive was on men worked all day long and drove the logs down as far as they could go.

Rivermen armed with mauls and handspikes, crouched under great piles of logs on the landings and began "breaking the rollways." Logs plunged into the stream and hurtled down the river on the torrent.

The river drive was a story of men and muscle, cold treacherous water and log jams; a saga of man matching his cunning against the white, foaming water. At skilled at riding a log as a cowboy at riding a broncho, the white water men hourly took their lives in their hands and eluded death by a hair a dozen times a day. Their very existence depended upon the quickness of a leap, the agility of a sidestep, or the accurate thrust of a pike-pole. The drivers gloried in their peril and danger and in their strength and skill.

They were able to determine the buoyancy of a log in a fraction of a second. The white water men rode logs bareback, holding on with their caulked shoes. Caulks are hobnails driven into the heavy sole of a river driver's shoe by means of a special tool. Their sharp, pointed edges prevented slipping. One fall into the middle of the white, boiling water, alive with thousands of churning logs and your chances were slim.

It was a disgrace to lose one's peavey and it was deducted from a man's pay. If he fell in, his fellow river men hollered, "Never mind the man, but be careful of the peavey -they cost $3." The peavey was a versatile tool about four feet long with a hook and a spike on its end. It was used by the river men to turn logs and move them.

Only young, nimble men from 17 to 30, served as river drivers. Wages were higher than for regular work in the woods, as much as $2 to $.250 per day. They were served four meals a day:breakfast, first lunch at 10; second lunch about 3 and supper at 8. Often the men carried their lunches withthem in a lunch sack, much like a knapsack. They were called "nose bags." The cook estimated how far the drive would go in a day and he went that far and set up a temporary camp. He built a fire along the shore. It was a welcome sight to the cold, wet men that a hot meal was awaiting them.

The river men appeared sunburned, unshavened and unshorn. Their working costume was a slouch hat, red flannel shirt, cotton overalls stagged at the knees and calked boots. They carried their matches in their hat bands and their tobacco sacks around their necks.

There was always a foreman whose heavy responsibility was to supervise the drive. He had to be an outstanding man and tough as nails to rule the white water men. He had to be familiar with every rock, rapid and eddy, the habits of each of the many streams, interpret the weather and have a sixth sense for every little change in water and weather. Discipline was severe on the drives. Fighting and drinking were not allowed and the men had to be in bed by 9PM.

River drives were exciting events and whole villages turned out to see them. When the cook pitched his camp at a town's edge, it usually caused as much excitement as the coming of the circus. The event was the banner night of the year for the community. The cook made extra cookies to treat visitors.

In those days, a river drive was to the people what a football game .. is nowadays. When the word went along the river, "The drive's a-coming," people on the hills and farmers turned out in a body, to watch it go by and cheer the men on the logs.

On a river drive there were three crews. The advance rivermen went down with the front logs and kept them moving along.

Bringing up the rear were the sackers. They had to find every stray log thrown on the shore or lying in quiet pools and drag it back into deep water.

Finally, there were the white water men who rode the logs and broke the jams.Hardly a day passed that the death roll had not to be called. One moment of carelessness, or recklessness would cost a man his life. In no other form of lumbering did men endure such hardships as in river driving. It was a constant gamble with death. Life was cheap and many rode to death in "white water" while on the river. But the drive never stopped - not even for death.

Danger was everywhere. Often the rivermen had to wade out into the swift, rushing stream where the current threatened to sweep him away. There a flying log might dash against him and knock him off his feet, drowning him. Many rivermen could not swim. Striking upon a sudden hidden rock or capsized by waves, he was thrown from his log into what proved to him, indeed, a river of death. His companions waited in vain for his reappearance. Days later, if ever, his body might be discovered and given a burial.

Yes, sir mister, those red-shirted fellows would ride 'em, ride 'em through white water and green, ride 'em right through the milltail of hell. Sometimes the milltail was running so fast that the boys just kept riding and never came back at all. At Perry Falls, on the Connecticut, just below First Lake Dam, hell's milltail ran too fast for many of them. You could read there, cut in the bark of trees, the names of Charles Seymour, and Dan Sullivan, and Jake Regan and simply "Haley and Quinn," two lads who rode the milltail on the same day and to the same destination...Old men tell that even today, a clear-eyed person on a fair night of moon can see Haley & Quinn a-riding logs that seem whiter than any white pine down Perry Falls. It is probably only a trick of the moonlight.

pair of calked boots

BREAKING A LOG JAM IN MAINE. From *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1860.

His comrades took his caulked boots and hung them from a nearby branch. Possibly one of them cut his name into the bark of a tree.All too often, ariveman just disappeared from sight and his body was never found.

Didn't ever find no sign of him. He just went out like the smoke of a dandelion blossom; didn't leave no trace.

A log jam created the most dangerous situation of all. Speed was essential in breaking one for every moment more logs piled on. If the jam lasted too long, the water might go down and the logs were stranded and the work of a year was lost.

A jam, how quickly it always came. A log striking a rock around which the stream is foaming and then swinging across the channel. Other logs drive down on it and pile up behind it.

The jam had to be picked apart, log by log. When they found the key log it had to be pried loose or chopped to pieces. To move this key log was a daredevil job and the man who did it was the hero of the crew. One small error in judgement might bring tons of mighty timber down upon him, to crush his body into pulp.

The foreman went out first to inspect the jam. When he had decided where to attack it, he signalled the men who wished to come out, all of whom were volunteers. Only a few men worked on breaking the jam, for too many men only got in each other's way. The first thing the men did was to determine the safest apparent looking way for making their run ahore in case the jam took a sudden start. For in that event, it was every man for himself.

If the men succeeded in breaking it safely, the river drivers on the shore jumped about and filled the air with joyous shouting.

...Just imagine that there river piled full of logs, sixteen or eighteen tier deep, for a couple of miles. The water a-foamin' and spurtin' and rollin' like mad,over, under and about the solid mass of timber. Logs tumbling pell mell over each other, poundin' a base drum solo to the deafenin' roar of the water! Men on either bank yelling like mad! The foreman, and his best hands, are out on the center..at last, she begins to give, and the foreman yells:
"Here she comes! The jam is broken! Watch out!"

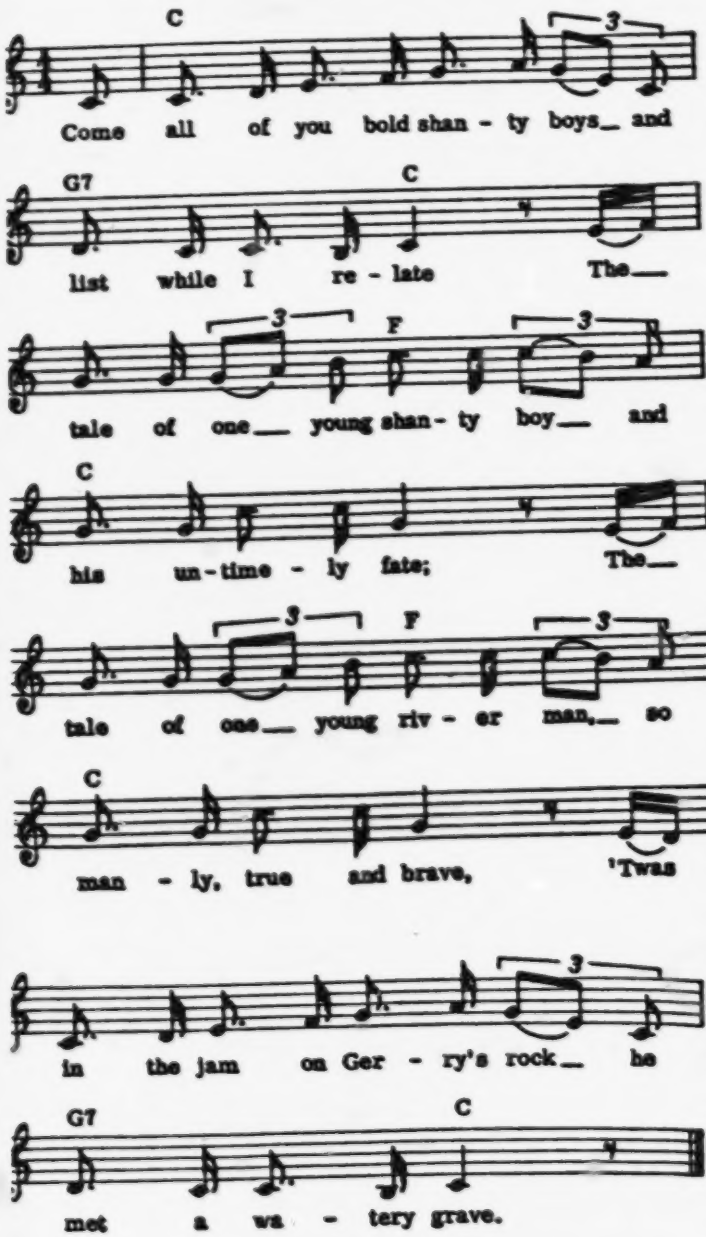
Logs in solid masses, five feet deep go plungin' and arollin' down, end over end, sideways, lengthways, every way, snappin', crashin', poundin' each other, with a roll and a roar that only heavy timber canmake in a river run. That's breaking out the jam....

Frequently, the jam ended in tragedy. The pressure built on the key log forced it to crack before the riverman was ready, and he was caught in the breaking up of the jam.

There came a cry of warning. Slim Pete Hurd, one of our rivermen heroes had "got holt"of the key log. We could see him twist it from its grudging fellows and roll it down. Then the there came a quaking and a shifting of the huge mass as the drivers ran for shore, balancing themselves with their peaveys on the struggling logs. Not all of them made the shore, for the water and the pent-up logs would not wait,even for rivermen. The jam "hauled" with a rush of tossing logs, and some of the men had to ride her out, Death riding everywhere among them.

Through the thunder of the mad logs, we heard a cry: "Pete's gone!" And looking downstream where the crest of the floor was rolling, we saw a slim body thrown high in the air, to fall again - into the white water and among those grinding logs...

Jam On Gerry's Rock

This is one of the most famous of America's native tragic ballads. Its mood is in sharp contrast to the blythe and lyrical feelings expressed in the Lumberman's Alphbet. Many woodsmen's songs deal with the dangers, hardships and heartbreak of the logging and frontier experience, but few, perhaps, as well as this. From an accident occurring when and where we do not know it fashions a commentary of universal application to the lumberman's calling. Alan Lomax recorded this melody from the singing of George Edwards (Mount Pleasant, Michigan. The transcription is from Tony Scott's Ballad of America.

C
Come all of you bold shan - ty boys and
G7 C
list while I re - late The
F
tale of one young shan - ty boy and
C
his un - time - ly fate; The
F
tale of one young riv - er man, so
C
man - ly, true and brave, 'Twas
in the jam on Ger - ry's rock he
G7 C
met a wa - tery grave.

It was on a Sunday morning, in the springtime of the year,
The logs were piling mountain high; we could not keep them clear.
"Turn out, turn out," our foreman cried, "no reason at all to fear,
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Saginaw we'll steer."

Now some of them were willing, and some of them were not;
To work on jams on Sunday they did not think they ought—
But six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam on Gerry's Rock with their foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs, when the foreman he did say,
"I'll have you boys be on your guard, for the jam will soon give way."
These words were scarcely spoken, when the jam did break and go
And with it went those six brave youths with their foreman, young Monroe.

Now when the rest of the shanty-boys the sad news came to hear,
In search of their lost comrades to the riverside did steer;
Six of the mangled bodies a-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that of young Monroe.

We dragged him from his drowning place, brushed back his raven hair
There was one girl among them, whose sad cries rent the air,
There was one girl among them, a maid from Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries now rent the skies for her lover who was drowned.

For over 70 years, folklorists and folksong collectors have been trying to pinpoint where this incident took place, but the exact location of Gerry's Rock has never been determined. Old shantyboys, many of whom swear they were there when the jam broke, have placed it on every river from the Penobscot in Maine to the Tittabawassee in Michigan. It is found almost everywhere throughout our country and Canada and even in the Scottish woods and suggests how the shantyboy, a constant wanderer, carried his songs with him.

FINALE: MUSIC AROUND THE DEACON'S SEAT:WORDS FROM THE SHANTYBOYS

After Supper, the men relaxed, but only for a short time. They were tired and ready for bed. Most just sat around on the deacon seat. The fire was built up,and some told stories or sang songs. Others made necessary repairs to their axes or ground them on the grindstone. At nine o'clock, the horn blew and lights went out.

Saturday night was their one night to howl, for they did not work on Sunday and slept as late as they wished. Card playing was a great pastime, but not allowed in many camps. Now was liquor permitted, for it slowed men down.

Every man had to take his turn and amuse the other shantyboys. He had to sing or tell a story or whistle or dance, or pay a forfeit to the tobacco box.

The shantyboys invented their own stories, filled with their own personal experiences. Their tales were greatly exaggerated and embellished with blood and gore, narrow escapes and danger. Many an old-timer told a tall one after much encouragement and coaxing.Ghost stories, tales of record cuttings of blizzards and battles against the elements, of rivalries between camps were related around the deacon seat.

The loggers enjoyed playing practical jokes and pranks on each other. By far the most important aspect of their entertainment was their singing. All kinds of songs were sung in the woods: ballads of adventure, murder, piracy, goldfields, convicts, sea songs, comic and romantic songs and Irish and Canadian songs. The men did not sing on the job but only at night and Saturday night especially. The logger celebrated himself in his songs The shantyboys liked songs that told a story, preferably a sad one.

> .....Sometimes half a dozen men, one at a time, would ride the deacon's seat and either sing requests or vie with one another for the best songs or the greatest number. Indeed, it was the song, rather than any other medium that preserved the folk history in the camps just as in the homes and aboard ship. Almost invariably the songs were solo and the interest in them lay largely in the story rather than in the tune. Frequently someone would remark, "Now, that's a handsome song," referring always to the fact that it told a powerful story....

Sometimes a singing match was held, one side of the shanty against the other. If someone sang a solo, all sat quietly and listened to the very end. A man would never interrupt a singer or talk above his song.

A Saturday night "hurrah" usually ended with a stag dance to the rasping sounds of the fiddle, harmonic or accordian. Benches, tables and any moveable furniture was thrown on top of the bunks.

> ...The camp fiddler begins to tune up, which is a signal for a stag dance. The "ladies" represented by robust, shanty boys, tie a handkerchief around their arm and off they all go in a well danced set of cotillions, with a zest and a gusto indicative of the power music can put into lively heels. It is a bitter cold night outside with a howling storm beating upon the bunkhouse. But within all is warmth, comfort and merry... the building is perspiringly hot. On poles sturng around the stove pipe is hung the wet clothing of the past day. Bunches of socks, strings of boots and shoe-pacs hang pendant in all directions. Up on the rafters are peavy stocks and axe handles seasoning.
>
> Two smoky lamps cast a sickly glare upon the scne. Around the room, close to the bunks, runs one continuous log bench, filled with men of nearly all nationalities. At one end is placed the "orchestra". The playing is meritorious more for zeal than for skill, but is cheerfully given, till all want to dance have had full satisfaction...
>
> And of all odd spectacles...that is the oddest. Ferocious, unshaven woodsmen, hats on and coats off, prancing through a quadrille, in yellow shoe pacs or Dutch socks and trousers "cut pompadour" while a ffddle wails forth a highly Gregorian melody!....

Let us try to remember the shantyboys as they were. As we sit around our "deacon seat" in the classroom and sing their songs and talk of their heroism, picture their shanty. The air thick with blue smoke from their ever-going pipes, the shantyboys sit on the deacon seat, telling tall tales and singing their songs.

> ...And there, amid greetings and greetings, I leave the shantyboy, wishing all the good he deserves, and who is there to deserve more?....

Isolated for months, the loggers developed their own language. A few of their words have passed into our current speech.

A deadhead is a log that had become water-soaked and sank to the bottom. Today, a deadhead refers to a person who is not alert or lively. A boom was originally a string of logs chained together to catch logs as they came down river. When the spring freshets came, it was said that the river was "on the boom." It came to be used as a term of prosperity, and also as a phrase in politics, "a political boom."

Haywire was the wire used to bind the bales of hay to feed the horses and oxen. This wire was used to repair things and tie them together, to mend a chain or harness. Thus, haywire came to mean busted, broken, crazy or no good. WE use this meaning when we say "Everything has gone haywire."

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Folk Songs of Maine, SAndy Ives Folkways FH 5323 An excellent record of fishing sea, historical ballads and lumbering songs.
Folksongs On The Miramichi - Folkways FM 4053 Lumbering and river folksongs. Booklet is enclosed with words and notes--as with all Folkway records.
Lumbering Songs from the Ontario Shanties - Edith Fowkes, Folkways FM 4052 A tremendous record, collected in the field. Singers range in age from 30 to 84 and sing the songs as they originally heard them sung in the woods.
Our Singing Heritage= FRank Warner, Elecktra 153. Contains 3 logging songs. Frank is a masterful singer and tehse songs are presented with great beauty.
Sea Shanties and Loggers' Songs - Sam Eskin Folkways FP 19 Five logger songs simply and uathentically sung.
Songs of Michigan Lumberjacks- Folk Music of the U.S. from the Archives of American Folk Music, Library of Congress AAFS L56. A field recording of old time shantyboys singing their songs and ballads just as they sang them on the Deacon Seat. A priceless social documentary.
Songs of the Maritimes- Alan Mills Folkways 8744 An excellent collection of seasongs and lumbering ballads.
Timber-r-r!Folksongs and Ballads of the Lumberjack, Paul Clayton, Riverside Folklore Series, RLP 12-648Included here are songs which tell the story of the shantyboy's life and work in all its phases.
Woods and Water-Folksongs from Michigan History-Duane Starcher, Western Mich Uni This record contains six lumbering songs beautifully presented.
Wolf River Songs=ed. by Sidney Robertson Council, Folkways Ethnic 1001 Traditional songsof the Wisconsin lumber camps, excellently presented.

Follow-up Ideas for Your Students

1) Write a one-page account of the life and death of Peter Emberley.Include a short sketch of Peter's character: what kind of a young man was he? For source material draw upon both the song itself and the introduction.

2) Many American trees are classified as either decidious or conferious. Find out what this means: what are the main characteristics of conifers as opposed to decidious trees? What kind was the white pine? What other kinds of pines are the

3) On a map of North America, locate and color in the huge pine forests from ocean to ocean on both sides of the U.S.-Canadian border. In the north this will identify the lumberman's frontier in the 19th century.

4) Using the 'Lumberman's Alphabet" create an Alphabet book. Illustrate or decorate the capital letters and draw pictures of the things that the letters stand for.

5) Pretend you are a newspaper reporter visiting the shantyboys. Write up a report of their lives.

6) Read some of the Paul Bunyan stories. There are quite a few versions by different authors: Wallace Wadsworth, Harold Felton, Glen Rounds, Dell McCormick and James Bowman. a) Make up your own tall tale story about an incident in the woods or some strange "beast" you'd meet who lives in the forests. b) Is the picture of the logger as given in the songs the same as, or different from, the picture given in the Paul Bunyan stories?

outline

7) ON anmap of the U.S.A. & Canada locate as many of the following as possible and write them in: the many logging rivers named in the text of this newsletter; the Erie Canal, Albany, Buffalo, Bangor, Maine and the other ten Bangors; color in all of the lumbering states; label the Great Lakes, Nova Scotia, Newfound[illegible]nd Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Mississippi River and all of the great cities in the midwest that used the white pine of the Great Lakes region.

8) Make a diorama (or a hooked rug) of a logging scene in the northern woods: include the shanty for the men and one for the horses and oxen; the forest and the men at work, choppers, teamsters, etc.

9) Make a sculpture, a model or diorama of the white water men on a log jam or river drive.

10) Paint a mural with different scenes from the woods.

11) After learning a song, illustrate it with the images that come into your head as you sing it.

12)Research and write a report on modern lumbering practices today. What kinds of jobs are there; what machines ; how are logs transported out of the woods; If possible, have a representative from a company come in to talk with your class; write away for materials and samples to companies in your area. Invite in some one who has worked in the woods.

13) Draw orpaint a pucture of alumberman in his winter outfit.

14) What kind of animals, birds andinsects lived in the northern woods? What happene to them when the forests were cut?

15) Compose an alphabet book devoted to the forests and its wildlife, e.g. A is for antelope that through the glades graze; B is for beaver that dams waterways; C is for conifer that rises so high; D is for doe that so swiftly run by. Draw pictures of the animals, insects and birds that arementioned, also trees and bushes. When you come to L use Logger; show him as an intruder.

16) WEstward moving pioneers and settlers cut down the trees, piled them up and burned them. Lumbermen would have found this a very wasteful procedure. How do you explain the difference in the behavior of the two groups?

17) Research the lumberman's daily diet. Was it healthful? Why these foods? Why did he eat flapjacks rather than bread? Why beans so often?

18) Study and report-oral or written-on how our forests are being protected today. What reforestation methods are being used by: the government, lumber companies, citizen organizations. Invite representatives to come in and talk with you.

19) You are an anchor man on a TV news team. Give your firsthand account of the 'Jam on Gerry's Rock' to your listeners.

20) Ask parents, people in community to bring in any wooden antique they have.Make a musuem corner in your room or school.Research each piece and put a written description alongside it--or have each owner tell about its background and history, how he got it. How do they compare to present objects made of plastic or manmade materials?

21) Get some white pine from shop teacher, lumber yard-try making a tool or utensil shaping and cutting the wood or model,toy

22) Take a walk around your school, community. What kinds of trees are there? Identifyas many as you can. What are they used for? Make an illustrated booklet of each tree- bark, leaves, nuts, berries, color, shape, etc.

23) Plant a white pine or other type of tree on your school yard on Arbor Day.

24) REad about the redwood trees on the West Coast. Why should we preserve them?

25) Research and locate as many firsthand accounts as you can of early visitors, Indians, pioneers, explorers to our forests. Ex: Lewis & CLark, Daniel Boone's account in Folksong In The Classroom, #1, Vol.V. How did they view the forests? Are their writings in accord with our opinions and knowledge today?

Volume V, # 2
FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM
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FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES - A NEWSLETTER

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Table of Contents

Correspondence 58

American History in Song and Story (2nd Grade), by Mary Hatfield . . . 59

Songs about Animals and Other Living Creatures: Introduction 60-61

Songs:

Aunt Rhody (The Old Gray Goose) . . 61
Stewball 62-63
The Strawberry Roan 64-65
The Turtle Dove 65-66
The Mouse's Courting Song 67
The Blue Tail Fly 68-69
The Derby Ram 69-70
The Ballad of the Boll Weevil . . . 71

Follow-up Teaching Ideas for Your Students .. 72

Questionnaire 73-74

Children's Books about Animals 75

Animal Songs from Past Issues 75

Action Page 76

Book Review: Anne Warner, Traditional American Folk Songs 70

Special Offer

If you have not yet renewed for Volume V, 1984-85, this year's issues, please send in your $4 now. For next year, Volume VI, 1985-86, reluctantly we have to raise our price to $5 to cover our basic costs. But if you pay now for both volumes V and VI, we offer a special renewal rate of just $8 for both years. If you are paid up through VolumeV, please send in now your payment of $5 for Volume VI, which will help us keep on going. Thank you.

Dr. Ruth E. Early 106 So. Mantor Ave
Titusville, Florida 32796

I am teaching American Literature in Adult Education and Jr. College and I will be using your songs in the music sections of the writings.

We begin the term with writings of William Bradford on the Pilgrims. What did they sing? Any other besides English religious songs?

Will use the sea songs with the writings of Herman Melville. And the Revolutionary Songs later.

Thank you so much. Although I no longer teach in grade school, I think there isALWAYS a place and demand for songs. Songs can be used in almost any subject on any educational level.

Bobbie Raymond 1179 Shotwell
San Francisco, CA 94110

I received your letter and the current issue of FITC. It is wonderful!

I am really excited and am so grateful that you are publishing such a well done, comprehensive, inspiring, pertinent, needed document! THanks and looki ng forward to the back issues and for the coming ones.

****

Editorial comment:

Thank you Bobbie. We couldn't have said it better ourselves.

Dorothy Hawkins 3278 N. Dousman St.
Apt. 208 Milwaukee, WI 53212

Dear Laurence, Laurie, Whatever! Wow! Folksong In The Classroom-what a great idea!

I want 'em! My friend, Lynne Tarantino, showed me a copy, so we made a zerox of your order form. Please send them A.S.A.P.

I'm glad you're doing this newsletter. I think it will be very helpful.

****

Help spread the word about the newsletter. Show your copy to a colleague. We love the way Dorothy writes--she's so articulate and right on the mark.

Seth Schapiro 416 Stanford Avenue
Santa Cruz, CA 95062

Hi! Just saw one of your newsletters. They're great - Thanks a lot for doing all the work. I just finished my Senior thesis, which is a teaching curriculum combining American folksongs with diaries journals, letters and photos of American working people.

Dr. Robert A. Hirschy University of Wisconsin Center, Richland, Richaland Center
Wisconsin 53581

I'm so glad to have found FINTC. I was informed of your existence by a colleague in the National Park SErvice. I've been doing folk music in my university classes fpr about eight years, as well as programs for local elementary schools. In my classes, I use a mix of traditional and modern songs about prairies, animals, the environment, etc. Students seem to really enjoy the diversion. I hope you don't mind if your "network" includes a science teacher!

****

Editorial comment:

Seth, good luck in your career. Your thesis sounds great. And Bob, we welcome you with open arms. We're all teachers no matter on what level or what subject area we teach in and folk songs are for all students 4 to 80.

Kate Miller Eck R.R. # 6
Springfield, IL 62707

I am an interpreter at an historic site and my special project is to work with music for the touring children and adult groups. The area we try to bring alive is 1850, a transitional period in our history of central Illinois. Through the programs offered we are to help the children understand that we were coming out of the pioneer era and into a marketing economy. Things were being sent all over and sold in stores.

Another change was the publication of newspapers and magazines that were bringing people new ideas and new ways of doing things; popular culture was beginning its influence on traditional culture. I would like to find songs that express these things and also I would like to have a repetoire of traditional songs and popular ones from this era.Can you help me with this? Songs, books, records or people? Also songs of any era that deal with the outdoors and nature? Kate will appreciate any suggestions and materials.

****

AMERICAN HISTORY IN STORY AND SONG - 2nd Grade

-by-
Mary Hatfield P.O. Box 96 Newport, Maine 04953

For the past three years my second graders have been enjoying learning about our country by hearing, singing and playing folk music. Through a grant, I received money for instruments, so we have 2 childsize guitars, a mandolin, a 5-string banjo, mountain dulcimer, kinderharp, autoharp, melody bells, recorders, ukelele, plus many rhythmn imstruments.

We use open tuning for the guitars and banjo, for "instant success" and enjoyment, and regular tuning for the other instruments.

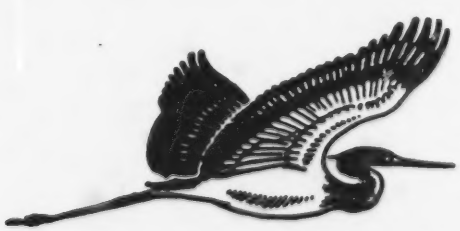
At the beginning of each year, the children are introduced to all the instruments and are given a chance to experiment with each one. They are taught how to handle them and take care of them. After about three weeks they decide which one they want to learn to play and we have a "Sign-up" day. The class is then divided into little bands and names are chosen for each group. (The Folk, The Folk Kids, The Folk Recorders, etc.). They learn to accompany me as I play my mandolin. We begin with simple tunes such as "Skip to My Lou" but soon are playing"Turkey In The Straw", "Irish Washerwoman", "Billy The Barber", etc.!

On Friday afternoons the 3rd grade joins us for an hour of folk music. It is the highlight of the week! Other teachers and aides join us so we have a mandolin, recorder, two autoharps, and tambourine for some lively jigs and country dance tunes. The children clap along and then try to "Name That Tune"! We teachers take turns telling a folk tale each week and occasionally a group will act out a folk tale.

I play tunes on mountain dulcimer, 5 string banjo and autoharp. We do some play-party songs games and a lot of singing of folksongs. Our map is always displayed and we locate any places mentioned in the songs plus where and when the songs originated, as often as possible.

A group of five 4th graders still come in at recess for practice. They call themselves "The Strumming Strings". Their teacher allows them to join us once a month for the Friday afternoon folk music session. Two groups of third graders also willingly give up recesses to practice for the Friday afternoon sessions! The second graders practices are worked in during the day.

I have found several youngsters with real musical ability and many who will, I hope, always love and enjoy playing this kind of music! I hope that by "sensitizing" their little ears to folk music at this young age that it will be the basis of pride in their heritage and their country, and their lives will be enriched by this means of expression which has been such a joy to me all my life!



Introduction

Songs about Animals and Other Living Creatures: Introduction

Living creatures are part of the natural environment which is a child's heritage, and which it is his or her right to explore and take delight in. Songs about living creatures should be a part of the intellectual and spiritual unfolding of very young people. They provide a valuable supplement to the stories about animals and other creatures which many teachers introduce into the work of the upper elementary grades - such as, for example, the Ananse stories, or Aesop's fables. They enrich, too, other types of classroom activities that involve the exploration of domestic creatures and wildlife, including the keeping and breeding of classroom pets.

We have published several songs dealing with animals in previous issues, and a list of these will be found on page 75 below. This issue is devoted to adding to this list and providing it with background and commentary.

The Native Americans who went before us loved wild creatures with a deep passion, and worshipped many of them. This reverence for life was not incompatible with killing animals and birds and using them for food and clothing. The Indian genius was to utilize nature for human purposes with wisdom and restraint, not, as we do, with a blind savagery that destroys nature itself. Indians, for example, killed the buffalo in small numbers, without diminishing the total numbers of the herds. But the whites with their guns within a span of years (1872--1882) wiped out the herds themselves.

In this respect we have much to learn from the Native Americans, and much to teach our children concerning the love of animals and compassion for their lives. This is not blind sentimentality but the most obvious self-interest. The cruel and mindless destruction of the environment and of wildlife not only diminishes our own humanity but in the end will destroy us too.

Songs dealing with animals, birds, insects, and the discussion that may flow from such singing will help children realize the endless ways in which we depend upon other living things for the quality of our lives and for our very survival. Bees provide honey and also pollinate flowers. Birds give the world unique and beautiful sounds and also hold in check insect pests. Cattle, sheep, and hogs give food and clothing. Dogs, horses and cats are our best and most loyal friends: the first two of these have provided haulage and transportation for man and his goods over countless miles. In mountainous areas the St. Bernard has tracked lost or injured people and has carried medical supplies.

Some songs deal with wild creatures, some with tame ones. They help introduce the topic of domestication of animals; this, in a sense, introduces a child to the study of history itself. If the agricultural revolution lies at the gateway of civilization, domestication is a key-concept in grasping what this revolution has meant.

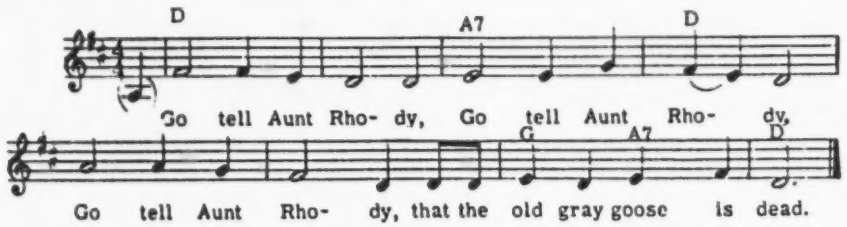
Nomads made the epoch-making discovery that animals could not merely be hunted in the wild but brought into close and permanent association with human settlement, where they might be utilized more intensively for the satisfaction of human needs. But the domestication both of plants and of animals led immediately to the process of selective breeding. This meant not only using natural things but, in a sense "creating" them, or actually improving upon the natural heritage. Without the surpluses generated by this scientific use and breeding of wild things, there would have been no civilization and no cities. History itself waited upon man's discovery of the ways in which he might utilize the wild for his own purposes.

Again, we need to convey a warning with respect to this approach to the study of nature. Human power and arrogance lead among some people to "species-ism," or the belief that humans alone possess the right to life, and that humans, as superior beings, may use, despoil and destroy other forms of life for selfish interests and to satisfy our own greed. Such an approach will surely kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

As a matter of fact the story of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs may not be a bad way to begin with 4th graders -- and there are some nice goose songs that will help us make the point: The Gray Goose, for example (vol. II #3, Spring 1982), and Aunt Rhody (The Old Gray Goose is Dead) in this issue.

Aunt Rhody

In colonial times people used geese not only for eggs and meat; the feathers were valuable for stuffing quilts and mattresses to keep out the cold night air. Aunty Rhody, therefore, had good reason to "save" her goose. Why was the silly goose standing on her head? This adds to the charm of the song. There is interesting vocabulary here for younger children - geese, goose, goslings, gander, millpond.



The one she's been saving (3)
To make a feather bed.

Old gander's weeping (3)
Because his wife is dead.

And the goslings are mourning (3)
Because their mother's dead.

She died in the mill-pond (3)
Standing on her head.

(Repeat first verse)

continued p. 75

Stewball

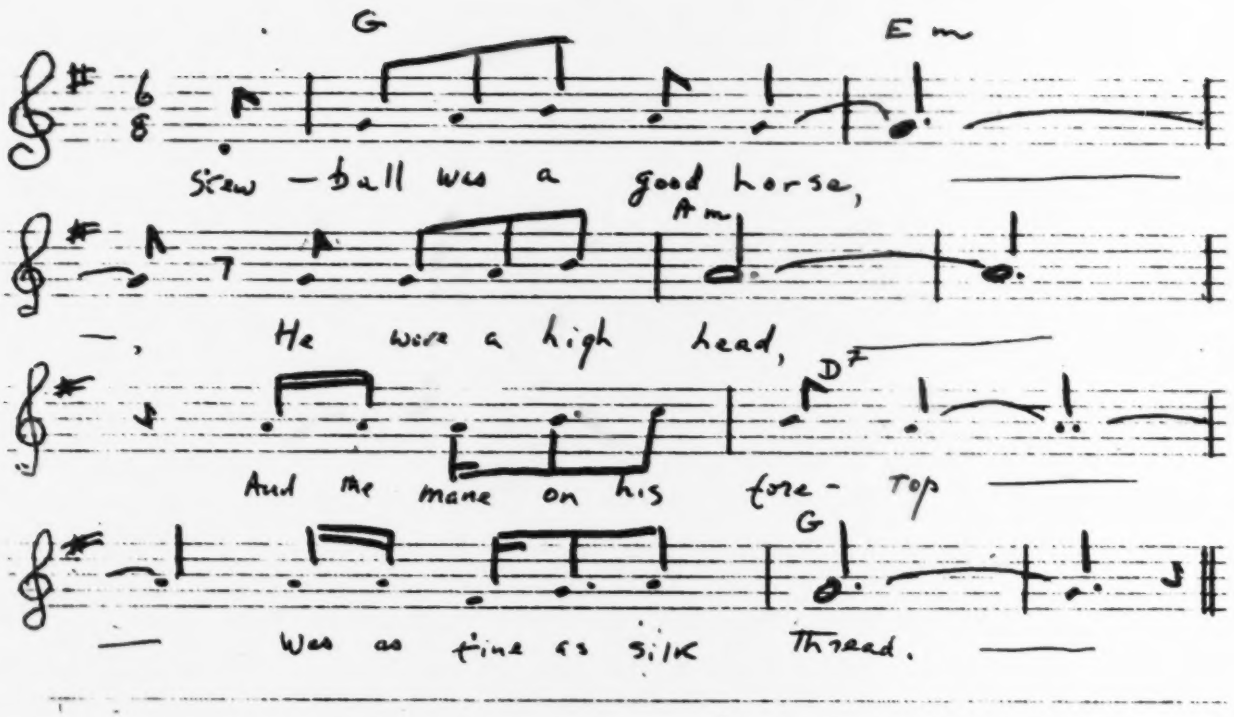
Few events in human history are more important than the domestication of Equus caballus - the dun ponies of Europe and the barbs of Asia and Africa that roamed wild in prehistoric times. It is scarcely too much to say that without the help of these animals civilization as we know it could never have developed. The taming of the wild horses was part - and a large part - of the agricultural revolution that resulted in the cultivation of domestic vegetables, cereals, and fruits, and that made possible the spread of field agriculture and settled civilization to all parts of the globe during the past ten thousand years.

The Celts who inhabited much of the British Isles before the coming of the Romans at the time of Christ used the little dun ponies both for food and as steeds to draw their war chariots. When the Romans arrived they brought with them new breeds of horses from different parts of their empire. Many years later there were further changes when the Normans invaded England in 1066. The Normans had a passion for horses: the Bayeux tapestry lovingly depicts their beautiful cavalry mounts packed into the open Viking boats as they crossed the English Channel to fight and defeat Harold Godwinson, and to win a new domain. It was, indeed, to Norman superiority as mounted cavalry that William the Conqueror owed his decisive victory over the Anglo-Saxons; for the English did not use their ponies in the fighting but merely for transportation to and from the battle site. The final and perhaps loveliest vignette of the Bayeux tapestry portrays tired and dispirited English riding their ponies away after defeat at Hastings.

The Norman kings and nobles found England a richly forested country, and they used their fine horses extensively for hunting the wild boar and the deer. Throughout the medieval period the horse remained an aristocratic animal, the steed upon which knights in armor rode to battle and upon which they went in pursuit of the creatures of the forest. Horses, to be sure, may in medieval times have been used both for racing and for drawing farmers' carts; but not for many years to come would they be harnessed to ploughs or harvesters.

In early modern times - from the 15th to the 18th centuries - there were many other uses for the horse. Horses drew stage coaches and carried post riders; they provided swift transportation both for rich and poor; they pulled the carriages in which elegant ladies and gentlemen rode; they enabled country people to hunt the fox and the deer - a vile cruelty that to this day disgraces the English countryside. Over the centuries the English breeds were enriched by intermingling with other varieties of Equus from Turkey, Italy, and Spain. Selective breeding produced creatures of incomparable power and beauty, of high spirit, and of great versatility.

In the 18th century horse-racing came into its own as the British national sport. A new breed of racing thoroughbreds was created when three Arab stallions -- the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb -- were brought to England or Ireland at the end of the 17th or the beginning of the 18th centuries. Stewball, an Irish song, expresses delight in the beauty and the performance of this new breed of racing thoroughbreds. It celebrates the beauty and the wonder of the horse.

Stewball

Stewball waw a good horse,
He wore a high head,
And the mane on his foretop
Was as fine as silk thread.

I rode him in England,
I rode him in Spain,
And I never did lose, boys,
I always did gain.

So come all you gamblers,
Wherever you are,
And don't bet your money
On that little gray mare.

Most likely she'll stumble,
Most likley she'll fall,
But you never will lose, boys,
On my noble Stewball.

As they were a-ridin'
About halfway around,
The gray mare she stumbled
And fell on the ground.

And away out yonder,
Ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin' and dancin'
My noble Stewball.

Stewball was a good horse,
He wore a high head,
And the mane on his foretop
Was as fine as silk thread.

When the horses were saddled,
And the word was given "Go,"
Old Stewball he shot like
An arrow from a bow.

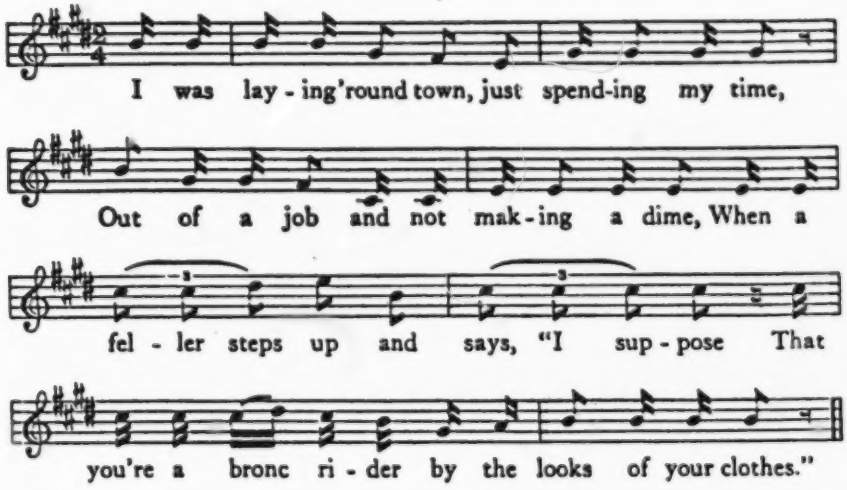
Stewball was a fast horse,
Stewball he was mine,
He never drank water,
He always drank wine.

I rode him in England,
I rode him in Spain,
And I never did lose, boys,
I always did gain.

The Strawberry Roan

The cowboy was proud of his ability to live in the saddle and to ride well. He boasted that he could ride "anything with hair on;" but once in a while even the best cowboy ran into a horse that could get the better of any ride This song was written in 1915 by Curly Fletcher, a California cowpuncher and rodeo contestant. It tells of a horsetamer who tried to ride the Strawberry Roan but learned to his sorrow that there are some horses that can't be rode.

Set to music in the 1900's this soon became one of the most popular cowboy songs. In 1931 Everett Cheetham, a New Mexico cowboy, sang it in the Bro. adway show Green Grow the Lilacs, starring Franchot Tone. Later in the 1930's Universal produced a movie, Strawberry Roan, in which Ken Maynard, a Hollywood cowboy, sang the title song.


I was lay - ing'round town, just spend-ing my time,
Out of a job and not mak - ing a dime, When a
fel - ler steps up and says, "I sup - pose That
you're a bronc ri - der by the looks of your clothes."

I was laying around town, just spending my time,
Out of a job and not making a dime,
When a feller steps up and says, "I suppose,
That you're a bronc' rider, by the looks of your clothes."

"You guessed me right—I'm a good one," I claims,
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
He says that he has, and a bad un to buck,
For throwing good riders he's had lots of luck.

He says this old pony has never been rode
And the boys that gets on him is bound to get throwed.
Well, I gets all excited and asks what he pays
To ride this old pony for a couple of days.

He offers a ten-spot and I says, "I'm your man,
For a bronc' never lived that I wouldn't fan;
For the bronc' never lived nor never drew breath
That I couldn't ride till he starved plumb to death."

"Well," he says, "get your saddle and I'll give you a chance."
So I gits in the buckboard and we drives to the Ranch;
I stays until mornin', and right after chuck
I steps out to see if this outlaw can buck.

Down in the horse corral, standing alone,
Is this old caballo, a strawberry roan.
His legs is all spavined, he has pigeon toes,
Two little pig-eyes, and a big Roman nose.

Little pin-ears that touched at the tips,
And a big 4 4 run on his left hip.
He's ewe-necked and old with a long lower jaw,
I could see with one eye he was a reg'lar outlaw.

I buckle on my spurs, I'm sure feelin' fine,
I picks up my hat, an' curls up my twine.
I piles my rope on him, an' well I know then,
That afore he gets rode, I've sure earned my ten.

I gets the blinds on him, and it sure is a fight.
Next comes my old saddle, an' I screws 'er down tight,
Then I steps onto him and raises the blinds,
I'm right in his middle to see him unwind.

He bowed his old neck, and I guess he's unwound,
For he seemed to quit living down there on the ground,
He went towards the east, came down towards the west,
To stay in his middle, I'm doin' my best.

He sure is a frog walkin', he heaves a big sigh,
He only lacks wings to be on the fly.
He turns his old belly right up to the sun,
He sure is a sunfishin' son of a gun.

He's about the worst bucker I've seen on the range,
He can turn on a nickel an' give you the change,
An' when he's a-bucking, he squeals like a shoat,
I tell you that pony has sure got my goat.

I claims that, not foolin', that outlaw can step,
But I'm still in his middle and buildin' a "rep."
He hits on all fours and turns up his side,
I don't see how he keeps from losin' his hide.

I loses my stirrup an' also my hat,
I'm clawin' leather and blind as a bat,
With a phenomenal jump, he goes up on high,
An' leaves me settin' on nothin'—up there in the sky.

Well—I turned over, an' comes back to earth,
An' I lights on to cussin' the day of his birth.
Then I knows there's old ponies I'm not able to ride;
There's some of them left—they ain't all died.

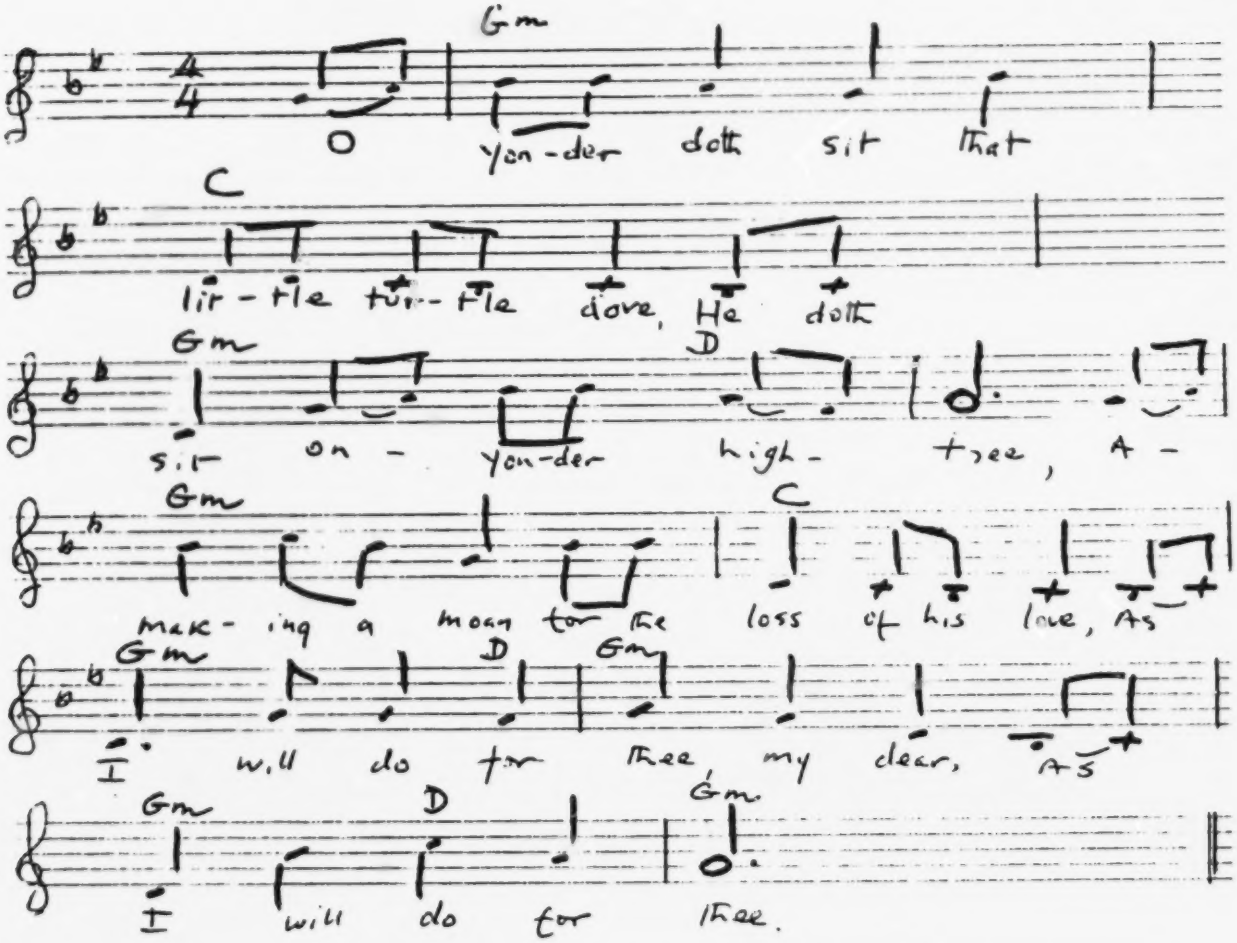
But I bet all my money, the man ain't alive
That can stay with old Strawberry when he makes that high dive.

Vocabulary: ten-spot -ten dollars
fan- a rider would take off his hat and "fan" the horse from side to side to show his nochalance
chuck- breakfast
twine- lariat
caballo- Spanish for horse
roan- a horse having a base color muted and lightened by amixture of white hairs
strawberry roan- a roan horse with a decidedly red ground color
spavined-beny enlargement of a horse's joint (corresponding to a man's ankleregion)
ewe-necked- a faulty, thin insufficient neck, a defect in a horse
blinds- a blindfold put on a horse until he was saddled
sunfishin' son of a gun- makes great leaps and bounds up into the sky-a pitching, jumping horse
building a "rep"-getting a reputation as a top rider who can outlast the horse
clawing leather- reaching for the saddle horn to hold on to his seat
frog-walkin'- In The Old-Time Cowhand, Ramon Adams says a horse that jumped about with arched back and stiffened knees was said to "frog walk" or "crow hop.".
sunfishing - A sunfisher ways Ramon Admas, "Was a horse that twisted his body into a crescent, or in other words when he seemed to try to touch the ground with first one shoulder and then the other, letting the sunlight hit his belly. Such pitchin' was called "sunfishin'..."

THE TURTLE DOVE

Doves, like city pigeons, are members of the Columbidae family. The turtle dove (Streptopelia turtur) is an Old World species which calls with a soft coo-curroo. In the New World the name 'turtle dove' has been given to the Mourning Dove (Zenaida macroura) which dwells both in the countryside and the suburbs, and is to be found everywhere in the U.S.A. except the northernmost states - though, to be sure, it has been known to breed in southern Alaska. Its soft call, oowoo-woo-woo-woo, sounds a note of sorrow that at once strikes an answering chord in the human heart.

The Turtle Dove is one of the best-known, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the old English love songs. The mourning lover finds in the world of nature only an exquisite echo of his or her own deep sorrow.

The Turtle Dove

Gm
O yon-der doth sit that
C
lit-tle tur--tle dove, He doth
Gm D
sit on - yon-der high- tree, A -
Gm C
mak- ing a moan for the loss of his love, As
Gm D Gm
I will do for thee, my dear, As
Gm D Gm
I will do for thee.

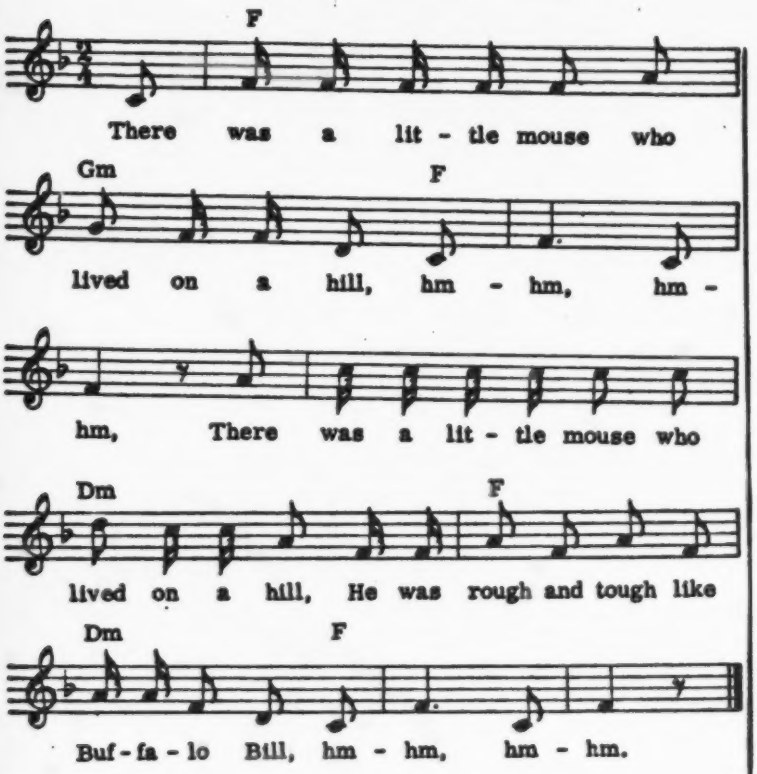
O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

The sea will never run dry my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonnie lass I love
Til all these things be done, my dear,
Til all these things be done.

The Mouse's Courting Song

67


F
There was a lit - tle mouse who
Gm
F
lived on a hill, hm - hm, hm -
hm, There was a lit - tle mouse who
Dm
F
lived on a hill, He was rough and tough like
Dm
F
Buf - fa - lo Bill, hm - hm, hm - hm.

The Mouse's Courting Song was collected from the singing of neighborhood children in Pittsburgh during the early 1940's. It is a Pennsylvania version of The Frog and the Mouse, a song which has been a favorite with English-speaking children on both sides of the Atlantic for three centuries. The British song, dating from the 1500's, tells how

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigh-ho, said Rowley;
A frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him, or no,
With a rowley powley,
Gammon and spinnage,
Heigh-ho, said Rowley

Eleven animals or insects, in all, make their appearance in the Mouse's Courting Song. The list may be expanded indefinitely in accordance with the children's knowledge and ingenuity.

One day he decided to take a ride, hm-hm,
One day he decided to take a ride
With two six-shooters by his side, hm-hm.

Then Mickey rode till he came to a house,
And in this house was Minnie Mouse.

He strutted right up to the kitchen door,
And bowed and scraped his head on the floor.

O Minnie, Minnie, will you marry me?
Away down yonder in the orchard tree!

Without my Uncle Rat's consent,
I would not marry the Pres-eye-dent!

Her Uncle Rat gave his consent,
The Weasel wrote the publishment.

Oh, what you gonna have for the wedding feast?
Black-eyed peas and hogshead cheese.

The first one came was Uncle Rat,
Head as long as a baseball bat.

Second one came was Mr. Snake,
He wrapped himself 'round the marble cake.

The next one came was a little moth,
To spread on the tablecloth.

The next one came was a big black bug,
Carrying 'round a little brown jug.

The next one came was a bumblebee,
With a broken wing and a crooked knee.

The next one came was a nimble flea,
Saying Minnie, Minnie Mouse, will you dance with me?

The next one came was Mr. Cow,
He wanted to dance but he didn't know how.

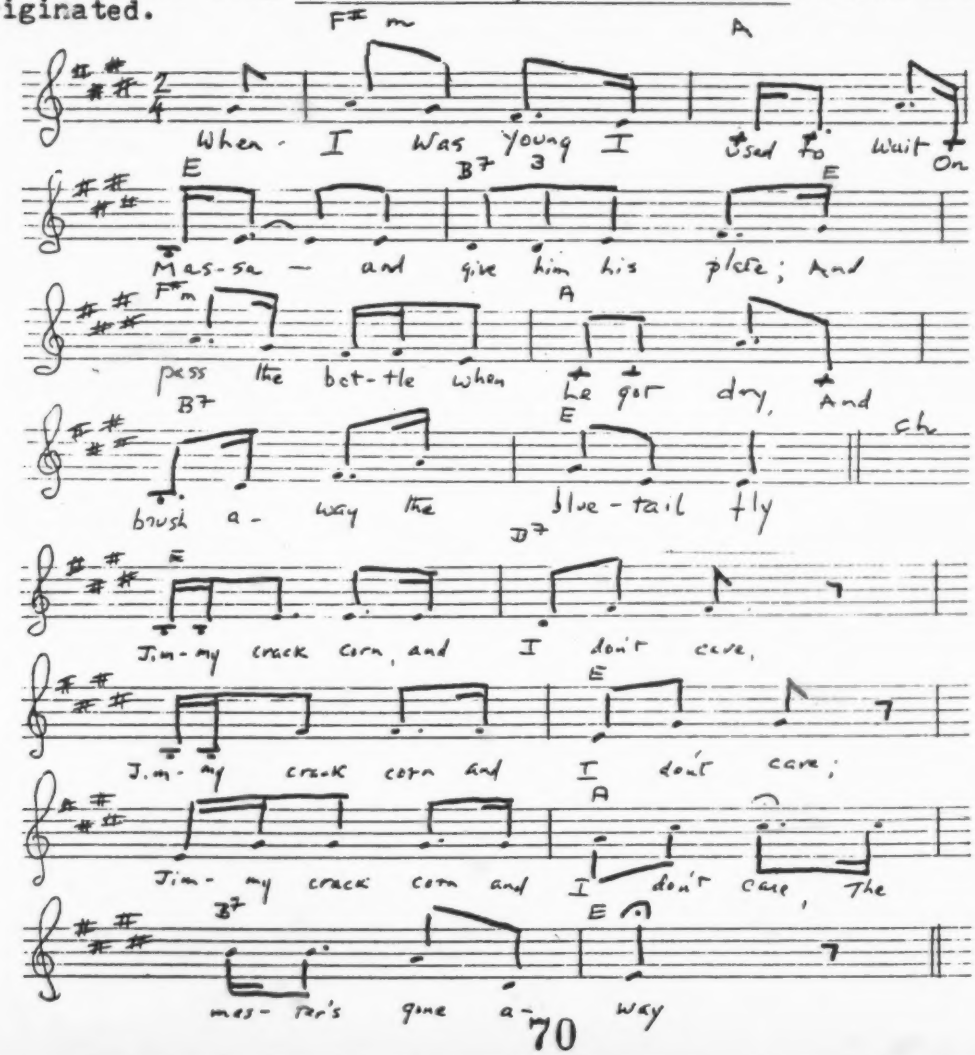
Last one came was Mr. Cat,
He ruffled and tuffled and ate Uncle Rat.

And that was the end of the wedding feast,
Black-eyed peas and hogshead cheese.

The Blue-Tail Fly

The horse has long been one of man's closest companions, as well as providing both transportation and power with which to do work. There have also been hazards associated with the use of horses; the record is filled with tragic accidents which have involved them. Runaway steeds have trampled and killed people. Frightened animals have lashed out with their hind legs, inflicting fatal wounds upon those who passed too close. Death has resulted from the fall when horses bucked and reared.

The Blue-Tail Fly is the story of one such accident. A young Black slave has the job of waiting upon his master hand and foot, and accompanying him on his plantation rounds. The child tells his tale with a straight face: the master is riding his horse, a gadfly (or maybe even a bee) bites the steed, which rears, flinging the rider into a ditch. The master dies from the fall; the coroner's jury brings in a verdict of 'death by misadventure.'

The humor in the situation arises from the (perhaps) well-grounded suspicion that the death was due at least in part to the deliberate and contributory negligence of the young slave. Blackface minstrels sung this song in the 1840's, but nothing is known about how it originated.

When I was young I used to wait on
Mas-sa — and give him his plate; And
pass the bot-tle when he got dry, And
brush a- way the blue-tail fly
Jim-my crack corn, and I don't care,
Jim-my crack corn and I don't care;
Jim- my crack corn and I don't care, The
mas- ter's gone a- way

1. When I was young I used to wait
On Master, and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

chorus Jimmy crack corn and I don't care (three times)
The Master's gone away.

2. One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thight
The devil take the blue-tail fly

chorus

3. The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He flung my master in the ditch;
He died, and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

chorus

4. They laid him under a simmon tree,
His epitaph was there to see -
"Beneath this tree I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue-tail fly."

chorus

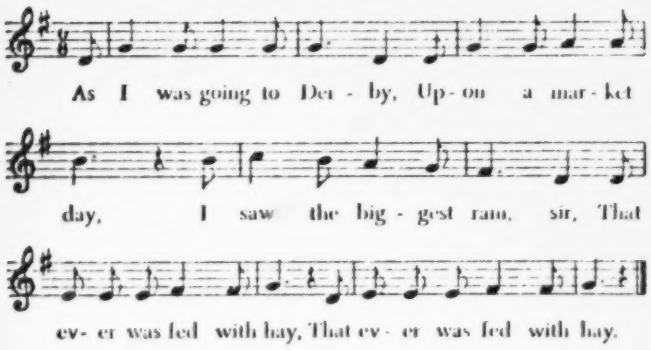
The Derby Ram

This tall tale about a remarkable ram is of English origin, and has been around for two centur es. The Derby Ram was already commonplace in 1799 when the Vicar of St. Alkmund's Church, Derby, said at the end of a long letter to his son: "And thus I conclude my story; almost as long a tale as 'The Derby Ram.'" Later, the song migrated to America and has been reported from many parts of the U.S.A.; it was apparently a favorite of George Washington's.

The Derby Ram is, on one level, just a tall tale, a simple piece of nonsense; but like many other English songs, it had its origin in folk harvest or fertility rituals. Up to about fifty years ago in various parts of England a ceremony was held in which the ram ("old Tup") played the leading role ; a sheep's head was stuck on a pole, and a sheepskin draped around it concealed the performer who played the ram. A company of a half a dozen went around at holiday time (New Year's Day, Christmas, May Day) performing the song. Apart from old Tup the company consisted of: a butcher, a boy with a basin, a humpback, a clown, an old man, and a person who collected coins for drinks.

This delightful song may be used on many levels. With younger children; with intermediate grades, where children can make up their own verses or write tall tales about other animals of their own choosing; with high school students as an introduction to old English beliefs and rituals

The Derby Ram



1 As I was going to Derby,
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed with hay,
That ever was fed with hay.

2 The ram was fat behind, sir,
The ram was fat before,
He measured ten yards round, sir,
I think it was no more.

3 The wool grew on his back, sir,
It reached to the sky,
And there the eagles built their nests,
I heard the young ones cry.

4 The wool grew on his belly, sir,
And reached to the ground,
'Twas sold in Derby town, sir,
For forty thousand pound.

5 The wool upon his tail, sir,
Filled more than fifty bags,
You had better keep away, sir,
When that tail shakes and wags.

6 The horns upon his head, sir,
Were as high as a man could reach,
And there they built a pulpit, sir,
The Quakers for to preach.

7 And he who knocked this ram down,
Was drowned in the blood,
And he that held the dish, sir,
Was carried away by the flood.

8 And all the boys in Derby, sir,
Came begging for his eyes,
To kick about the streets, sir,
As any good football flies.

9 The mutton that the ram made
Gave the whole army meat,
And what was left, I'm told, sir,
Was served out to the fleet.

BOOK REVIEW

Anne Warner, with Jeff Warner and Dr. Herome S. Epstein. Traditional American Folk Songs from the Anne and Frank Warner Collection. New York: Syracuse University Press, 1984. Pp. xxiii, 501. Hardcover and paperbound.

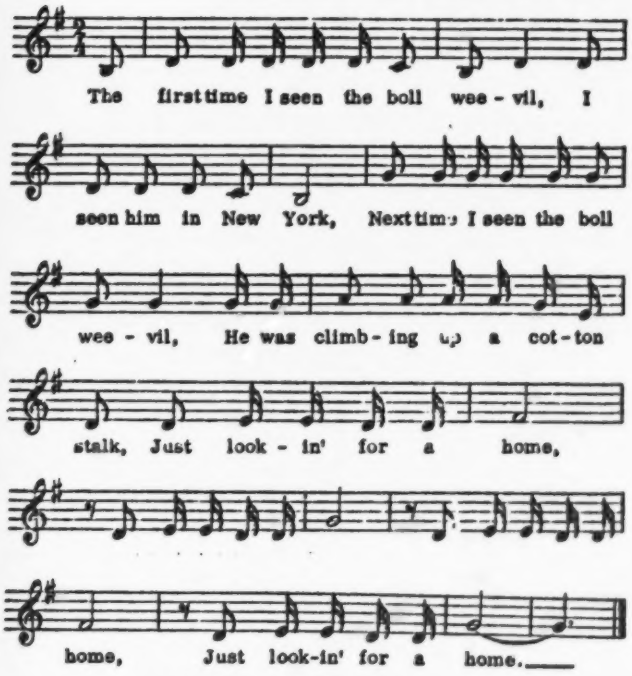
"Where do folk songs come from," people sometimes ask us, "and how in the world do you find them?" A large part of the answer to such questions is to be found in works such as the one here under review.

Early in the 20th century folk song scholars began to fan out throughout North America to record, collect and transcribe the rich song heritage that survived among the rural people. Over the past three quarters of a century dozens of such scholars have been involved in this work. This achievement in its totality has to be acknowledged as a major cultural contribution. Precisely because many people have labored in this field with anonymous and devoted effort, we and our students may enjoy the song heritage and use it to enrich our lives and our classrooms.

Anne and Frank Warner have to be numbered among the very greatest of these devoted scholars. The present book is a gift to all of us of inconceivable richness; yet it represents only a fraction of the fruits of their life's work as partners and collectors. The fascinating and well-written commentary tells us what the life of the collector is about. The superb collection of music and lyrics is a 'must' for every library and every school that wants to take folk music seriously.

One of the most famous songs in the book is Raccoon, which Frank learned as a child of six from Black children of Selma, Alabama:

Oh, the raccoon's got a bushy tail,
And the 'possum's tail hit's bare,
And the rabbit ain't got no tail at all
'Cep' a little bunch of hair.

The Ballad of the Boll Weevil

The first time I seen the boll wee - vil, I
seen him in New York, Next time I seen the boll
wee - vil, He was climb - ing up a cot - ton
stalk, Just look - in' for a home,
home, Just look-in' for a home.

The first time I seen the boll weevil,
He was settin' on the square,
The next time I seen the boll weevil,
He had all his family there,
Just lookin' for a home, etc.

The farmer took the boll weevil
And buried him in the sand,
Boll weevil said to the farmer,
"I'll stand it like a man,
It'll be my home," etc.

Then the farmer took the boll weevil,
And left him on the ice,
Boll weevil say to the farmer,
"This is mighty cool and nice,
It'll be my home," etc.

Farmer said to the boll weevil
"I see you at my door,"
"Yessir," said the boll weevil,
"I been here before,
I'm gonna get your home," etc.

Boll weevil say to the farmer,
"You can ride in your Ford machine,
When I get through with yo' cotton,
Can't buy no gasoline,
Won't have no home," etc.

The farmer say to the merchant,
"I want some meat and meal,"
"Get away from here you son of a gun,
Got weevils in yo' field,
Gonna get yo' home," etc.

If anyone should ask you
Who it was that wrote this song,
Tell him 'twas a dark-skinned farmer
With a pair of blue duckin's on,

At the beginning of the twentieth century the plight of the Southern cotton farmers was aggravated by the spread of the boll weevil, an insect blight that entered Texas from Mexico; between 1900 and 1922 it took a huge toll of the United States' annual cotton crop. The misfortune fell with special impact upon the poor tenants and croppers of the Black Belt. Ruined, many of them began to move northward in large numbers to seek jobs. From this time dates the rapid growth of the Black ghettoes of Chicago and New York.

The Ballad of the Boll Weevil has been found in dozens of variants throughout the South, wherever the cotton farmer suffered from his depredations. The weevil is an unbelievably prolific insect. From a single pair there will be a million offspring. As in the song, the weevil has laughed at man's efforts to stop or destroy him. He emigrates and he multiplies, and he is still with us today.

Carl Sandburg says that he first learned the song from John Lomax, and that "...it never loses its strange overtones, with its smiling commentary on the bug that baffles the wit of man, ...that while the boll weevil can make a home anywhere, the Negro, son of man, hath not where to lay his head, and with its intimation, perhaps, that in our mortal life neither the individual human creature, nor the big human family, shall ever find a lasting home on the earth." It is, Sandburg says, a paradoxical blend of moods: quickstep and dirge, hilarious defiance and bowed resignation.

A scientist directing an eradication experiment has predicted elimination of the pest from the Cotton Belt in the 1980's if the Government and the industry spend $700 million. That's a lot of money, but not nearly as much as the huge losses which the weevil has inflicted upon the cotton industry.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Horses

Read the Black Stallion books, or Justin Morgan Has a Horse.

Cut pictures of horses and ponies and paste them into a scrap book

Read about horse history. When did horses first come to America, and why were they importnnt in the settlement of tne United States?

Research the history of horse racing. Where were racing horses first bred in this country and when did derbies become important?

Invite a horse-oriented person to class (jockey, trainer, owner), and have him/her tell of their experiences with horses.

Many American artists have painted horses. Find out who some of these people were, especially during the 19th century, and try and locate reproductions of their paintings. Visit the art museum(s) in your town, and see how many pictures include horses.

Mouse's Courting Song

Divide class into committees. Have them make a series of murals illustrating scenes from the song.

Make a diorama of all the animals invited to the Mouse's wedding. Make them out of scrap materials, cut out, stuffed, and sewn together.

Geese and Ducks

Buy duck eggs and hatch them in the classroom. Obserce the ducklets as they grow, and record the information. Plan what to do with them when they are grown.

Make a model (wood, clay or paper mache - see Crafts Books) of Aunt Rhody's farm - the pond, the old goose and her family, Aunt Rhody.

Boll Weevil

Research cotton growing in the South today. How are pests controlled? Is cotton still the South's leading crop as it was during the 19th century? Find pictures of the cotton plant (gossipium hirsutum) and past them in your scrap book. Make a record of the plant's life cycle.

Research pesticides. Are we upsetting the balance of nature by exterminating pests? What are some of the dangers of pesticides? How do other animals and birds help us control pests by natural means?

Cattle and Sheep

Supposing cattle and sheep did not exist, what products in daily use would we be deprived of? Make a list

General

Go through songbooks and find other animal songs that the class might like to learn.

Questionnaire

Won't you please take just a few moments to read this questionnaire and to answer as many of the questions as you can? It will be a big help to us in evaluating the usefulness of FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM and in providing a guide for the preparation of future issues. Then fold this page as indicated along the dotted lines on the other side, put a staple through the top, add a 22 cent stamp, and drop it into the mail. Thank you!

1/ What grade level do you teach, or what, otherwise, is your school status?

- ☐ elementary
- ☐ junior high
- ☐ high
- ☐ college
- ☐ postgraduate
- ☐ principal/superintd
- ☐ consultant

2/ What feature/s of the Newsletter do you find most interesting or useful? (use 1 through 6 to indicate priorities, 1 being highest and 6 being lowest)

- ☐ articles
- ☐ correspondence
- ☐ bibliographies
- ☐ background info
- ☐ lyrics
- ☐ melody lines
- ☐ tips for classroom activities

3/ How regularly do you read the Newsletter?

- ☐ every issue
- ☐ some issues
- ☐ very few

4/ With regard to the issues that you read, please check the box that corresponds most closely to your reading practice

- ☐ read everything
- ☐ skim
- ☐ read a few items

5/ With regard to back issues your practice is to

- ☐ throw them away
- ☐ pass them on
- ☐ file them
- ☐ give to music or other dept.

6/ Please list some specific songs, by title, that you have used in class (lyrics, music, or both):-

7/ Which, of the topics dealt with in past issues, have you found most interesting (check one or more)

- ☐ sea songs
- ☐ women's songs
- ☐ children's songs
- ☐ American Revolutn.
- ☐ Civil War
- ☐ Gold Rush
- ☐ Songs of Slavery
- ☐ Lumbermen's songs
- ☐ colonial songs
- ☐ cowboy songs
- ☐ frontier and west
- ☐ old ballads

to:

Laurence I. Seidman
FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM
140 Hill Park Avenue
Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

<u>questionnaire</u>

Children's Books About Animals

Picture Books-Primary Grades

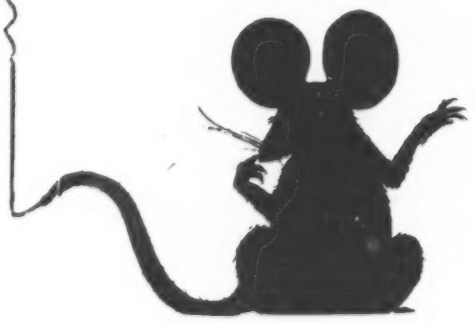
Aliki-Keep Your Mouth Closed, Dear
Austin, Margot-Peter Churchmouse
Averill, Esther - The Fire Cat
Bridwell, Norman- Clifford,the Small Red Puppy
Benchley, Nathaniel -Deep Dives of Stanley Whale
Brett, Jeri-Enta and the Beautiful Horse
Carle, Eric- The Very Hungry Caterpillar
Conklin, Gladys- We Like Bugs
DAvis, Alice-Timothy Turtle
Fatio, Louis-Happy Lion
Goodman, George-Bascombe, the Fastest Hound Alive
Goodman, Earle-The Careless Kangaroo
Keat, Ezra-Hi Cat
Keat, Ezra-Goggles
Keats, Ezra-Whistle for Willie
Lippman, Peter-New At The Zoo
Mayer,Mercer-Frog, Where Are You?
Payne, Emily-Katy No-Pockets
Leaf, Munro-Ferdinand
Newberry,Clare-Marshmellow
RAdlauer, Ruth-Stein, The Great Retriever
Slodbodkin, Louis-Dinny and Danny
Steig-Roland, The Minstrel Pig
Udry, Janice-What Mary Jo Wanted
Wildsmith, Brian-The Pelican
Waber, Bernard -The House on 88th Street
Zion, Gene-Harry, the Dirty Dog

Books for Intermediate and Upper Grades

Armstrong - Sounder -William
Burford - The Incredible Journey -Sheila
Agle, Nan Hayden-K Mouse and Bo Bixby
Atwater, Richard - Mr. Popper's Penguins
Baudouy, Michael, Old One-Toe
Bond, Michael- A Bear Called Paddington
Boston, L.M., A Stranger At Green Knowe
Burman, Ben-High Water At Catfish Bend
Butterworth, Oliver-The Enormous Egg
Calvert, Patricia-The Snowbird
CArl son, Natalie- A Pet for the Orphelines
Cleary, BEverly-Henry & Ribsy
Cleary, Beverly-Runaway Ralph
DeJong, Meindert, The Last Little Cat
DeJong, Meindert-T-e Wheel on the School
DuBois, William-The Geat Geppy
DuBois, William-Otto And the Magic Potatoes
George, Jean-Coyote In Manhattan
George, Jean-Julie and the Wolves
Gipson, Fred-Old Yeller
Goble, Paul-The Girl Who Loved Horses
Graham,Kenneth-The Wind In The Willow
Griffiths, Helen-Rafa's Dog
James, Will-Smoky
Lawson, Robert-Mr. REvere And Me
Lawson, Robert- Rabbit Hill
Longman, Harold-The Fox In The Ballpark
Mukerji, Dhan Gopal-Gay-Neck: The Story of a Pigeon
Selden, George-The Cricket In Times Square
Sellers, Alan-A Fox Story
Seredy, Kate-White Stag
Sharp, Margery-The Rescuers, A Fantasy
Silverstein, Shel - Lafcadio, The Lion Who Shot Back
Stolz, Mary - Fredou
Stolz, Mary -Bully of Barkham Street
Stolz, Mary - A Dog On Barkham Street
White, Anne - Junket
White, E.B. - Charlotte's Web
White, E.B.-Stuart Little

Animal Songs in Past Issues

Boston Come All Ye IV:2, 49
Fox, the I:3, 17
Froggie Went a-Courting II:3,65
Git Along Little Dogies I:4, 18
Goodbye Old Paint I:4,12
Gray Goose II:3, 62
Hushabye II:3, 56
My Horses Ain't Hungry II:3, 60
Rain or Shine (Donegal) I:4, 16



AUNT RHODY continued from P. 61

Children would also enjoy the delightful picture books by Roger DuVoisin about Veronica, the silly goose who's always getting into trouble around her farm: Petunia, Petunia's Christmas, Petunia Beware Petunia I Love You and Petunia Takes a Trip.

Another book about Ducks, relatives of geese, is Arthur Getz's, Hamilton Duck. Two picture books about ecology and ducks are: Margaret Chittenden, When the Wild Ducks Came and Celia Delafield, Mrs. Mallard's Ducks. And of course, there's the Caldecott award classic, Make Way For Ducklings by Robert McCloskey.

Volume V, # 3
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